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ROBBINS
HILLARD

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MARY ROBBINS HILLARD

BY

JOHN T. DALLAS

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Other books by the Author

HARLEY FISH ROBERTS
OF THE TAFT SCHOOL

JOHN N. LEWIS
ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, WATERBURY

To Miss Helen D. LaMonte for her patience and understanding, to Mrs. James B. Godfrey (Barbara Leach) for her encouragement, to Mr. V. C. Foster for his search of family records, the author wishes to express his gratitude.

J. T. D.

March 1944
The Bishop's House
Concord, New Hampshire

PROLOGUE

MARY HILLARD and I drove out one moonlight evening to see the foundations which had been completed for Westover School. They looked enormous to Mary; she had nothing to scale them by and I could see that she was terribly disturbed. I then said, "Mary, do not let it trouble you. Be quiet and let your spirit fill the buildings."

from a letter by TPR

Theodate Pope Riddle
Hill Stead, Farmington, Conn.

Family Background

No one could have been more of the warp and woof of New England than Mary Robbins Hillard. She was the child of these men and women who came out from England in the early part of the 17th century. From them Mary inherited a quality of courage and integrity which she passed on to those who came in contact with her as students, teachers, fellow-workers of many kinds. Just as she looked like her father — so too she resembled her ancestors in many and other ways.

The Reverend Joseph Twitchell of Hartford who was one of the outstanding preachers in Connecticut during his long pastorate and who was also known for his friendship with Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), wrote about her father for the History of the town of Plymouth, Connecticut, compiled by Francis Atwater and printed by the Journal Publishing Company of Meriden, Connecticut in 1895, —

"Mr. Hillard was a native of this State, having been born in Preston, September 6, 1825. He was of the old New England stock, a lineal descendant in the eighth generation of Elder Brewster of Plymouth Colony. His father, Moses Hillard, was a sea captain, an adventurous, energetic man of no small fame in his day. He was master of the ship that brought to America the first news of the burning of Moscow.

"It is an interesting fact, though it has never been made public, that when Napoleon, after his overthrow at Waterloo, thought of flying to this country, friends of his sought and were pledged the aid of Captain Hillard, then in France, in carrying out the design. It was fully arranged between him and them that the emperor should be concealed in a water cask on his vessel's deck and so escape through the English fleet. But for some reason he was not conveyed on board as had been agreed and the plan failed.

"The bold self-reliant temper of the father reappeared in marked degree in the son and contributed much to his efficiency in life.

"Mr. Hillard was prepared for college at the old Bacon Academy in Colchester. He graduated at Yale in the class of 1848. Among his classmates were Judge Nathaniel Shipman and the Hon. David S. Calhoun, of Hartford, the late Dwight Foster, of the supreme bench of Massachusetts, Dr. Henry Blodget, the eminent missionary to China, Professor Wilcox of the Chicago Theological Seminary and the lamented Theodore Winthrop, who fell at Big Bethel. After his graduation he was for two years principal of Lewis Academy in Southington, where the writer of this notice was his pupil and experienced, as did all the pupils (one of whom afterward became his wife), the charm and encouragement of his genial, generous and friendly spirit.

"Completing his theological studies at the Yale and Andover Seminaries, Mr. Hillard offered himself for the home missionary service and from the Home Missionary Society received appointment to California, at that time a new and distant field. But the society, falling just then into straitened financial circumstances, was unable to send him, and he became pastor of the Congregational Church in Hadlyme, where he labored from 1855 to 1860. His other pastorates were successively at Kensington from 1860 to 1867, at South Glastonbury from 1867 to 1869, at Plymouth from 1869 to 1889, and at Conway, Mass., from 1889 to 1893. Thirty-eight years in all he exercised the ministry of the gospel, and continually with his whole heart, with burning zeal and the enlistment of every faculty of his being. When at last he laid down his work, he was worn out.

"His wife, who was Miss Julia Whittlesey, of Cleveland, O., survives him, with seven of their nine children, as follows: Mrs. Andrew McLeish, of Chicago, Frederick W., of Staten Island, Mrs. J. L. Fenn, of Hartford, Mary R., of St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Helen, Fanny, and John.

"Mr. Hillard was a man of a high order of ability, intellectually alive and alert, and in his views of the liberal progressive school. Grounded and settled in the essentials of Christian faith, he was never in the least afraid of new ways of thinking on the old truths. He was characteristically fervid in temperament, and was wont to champion with boundless enthusiasm whatever cause he felt to be for the public welfare and the advance of Christ's kingdom. From the beginning of his ministry, but notably in the twenty years of his Plymouth pastorate, he was a recognized foremost leader in the enterprise of temperance reform. 'With

charity for all, with malice toward none,' he fought a good soldier's fight against all forms of evil that he saw working ill to his neighbor. He loved righteousness and he hated iniquity. He was the soul of Christian kindness; the soul, also, of Christian courage and good will. Few ministers and few citizens of his generation are more worthy of honor, gratitude and remembrance than Elias Brewster Hillard. May his rest be sweet."

The settlement in Connecticut of all Mary Hillard's ancestors is worthy of remark — especially in view of how small an area of the same state her own life touched.

There are no records available by which the ancestry of the Reverend Elias Brewster Hillard can be definitely traced beyond his paternal grandfather, one Benjamin Hillard who lived in Stonington, Connecticut and who married Sabra Smith of that town.

In the "History of New London County, Connecticut," published by J. W. Lewis and Company of Philadelphia in 1882, and on page 624, is a copy of a petition dated May 10, 1774, which bears the names of Joseph Hillard and Oliver Hillard among the signatures of the petitioners. The petition is addressed to "The Honorable Assembly of the Colony of Connecticut to be held at Hartford on the second Thursday of May instant" asking that "liberty may be granted to build a meeting house for public worship at said Long Point (in Stonington, Connecticut) and that your Honours would in your great goodness grant them a lottery for raising a sum sufficient for the purpose aforesaid —," and stating as a reason "they are generally poor, they living principally by the whale and cod-fishery" and "they are scituate near four miles from any meeting house, and there is not among them more than one horse to ten families."

The Assembly granted them the authority "to raise by way of lottery the sum of £400:0:0 lawful money" also "the further sum of £30:0:0 lawful money to defray the expense of such lottery."

In "American Marriage Records before 1699," published by the Biblio Company of Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, in 1926, is a record from Boston, Massachusetts, showing the marriage of one Hannah Hillard and Henry Dee on 30 September 1697.

In "List of Officers of the U. S. Navy and Marine Corps," published by L. R. Hammersly Company in 1901, one Charles C. Hillard is rated as Master in 1861.

In the "Memorial History of Boston," published by James R. Osgood & Company of Boston in 1883 the name George S. Hillard appears often. He was a lawyer and was personally acquainted with Daniel Webster, Jeremiah Mason, and Joseph Story (one time Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court). In 1856 George S. Hillard was a U. S. Commissioner and although by law he was required to return fugitive slaves to their masters, he refused to do so. He even went so far as to shelter runaway slaves in his own home and took an active part in the underground railroad.

In 1872, George S. Hillard was appointed the first dean of the newly formed School of Law at Boston University.

Along with all her dignity and seriousness Mary Hillard had a sense of humor about herself. She took pride in her father and mother, in her own brothers and sisters. As she read back into the records of the three hundred years which brought her at last to Westover School she would smile and wonder at what they all might think of her enterprise. Too — she saw the dangers in heredity — especially the danger of that sort of inheritance which can cramp a personality. On one occasion when a young man who possessed a background in theology like her own and who said something like this, "One hardly dares be too happy" — she exclaimed almost with a gasp, "Have you got that in your background too?"

Side by side with The Church and The Law in these three hundred years of New England and Connecticut were woven all manner of adventurousness and humanness.

Dr. Twitchell notes Mr. Hillard's descent from Elder Brewster the father of Jonathan Brewster. The record of this connection is filled with a spirit which came on down to Mary.

From "Genealogical and Family History of the State of Connecticut," Published by Lewis Historical Publishing Company, New York. Volume 1, page 175.

"He engaged in the coasting trade, and was master of a small vessel plying from Plymouth along the coast of Virginia. In this way he became acquainted with Pequot harbor, and entered the river to trade with the Indians. He was clerk of the town of Pequot, September, 1649, and received his first grant of land in that town in the same month, from Uncas, Sachem of the Mohicans, with whom he had established a trading house. At this latter place, which is still called by his name, Brewster's Neck, he laid out for himself a large farm."

From the Plymouth Colony records it seems that Jonathan Brewster did not get along any too well with his fellow townsmen and

neighbors which may have been a contributing factor in his giving up of lands in Duxbury and moving to Connecticut. The following is from Plymouth Colony Records.

Volume of Laws; 4 September, 1638, regarding the establishment of a ferry on the North River: (Duxbury)

"Mr. Jonathan Brewster shall have the keepeing and pfitts of the said fferry —— and shall build and from tyme to tyme mayntaine two sufficient boats or vessells one for the carrying of men and another for carrying of cattell on the said North River with a sufficient man or two to attend them."

Volume of Court Orders; 5 March 1639

"Jonnathan Brewster presented for neglecting the ferry at the North River. Released."

Volume of Court Orders; 3 December 1639

"Jonathan Brewster, for neglect of the ferry at the North River, is fyned XX^{s} to the colony, and X^{s} a peece to Mr. Groomes and Edmond Weston, if they will take yt."

Volume of Court Orders; 1 December 1640

"Jonathan Brewster, for neglecting the ferry. Witnesses: John Lewis, John Bryant, Thom Pinchin, and his wyfe."

Volume of Court Orders: 5 January 1641.

"It is ordered by the court, that Francis Billington and Christian, his wyfe, shall give Jonathan Brewster and Loue Brewster possession of her thirds the lands bought of them; and then Jonathan Brewster to pay him in corne the remaynder, which is XXXViij^{s}Vjd."

"The differenc betwixt Mr. Jonathan Brewster and John Ford, for the crop of corne at Ferry, upon the North River, is referred, by consent of p̄ties, to be arbitrated and ended by Leiftenant Wm Holmes and Samuel Fuller; and if they cannot end it, then they shall choose a third man, and what end they shall make, they, s̄d p̄ties, to stand to it."

Volume of Court Orders: 1 June 1641.

"It is ordered, that Jonathan Brewster shall p̄cure the horsboate of the North River, to be brought out of the bay thither by the first of July next; and if afterwards men goe on at Mr. Vassells ferry, and not there, then the said Jonathan Brewster's servants to be discharged from their attendance at the said ferry, (further then they please,) and not engaged to answer for any damage for neglect thereof."

Volume of Judicial Acts: 7 December 1641.

"Jonathan Brewster complns agt James Luxford, &c, 50^{s}."

Volume of Judicial Acts: 3 March 1645.

"John Alby complns against Jonathan Brewster, in an action of trespass to the damage of Vj^{ei}. The pltiff was called, and did not psecute. Charges awarded against."

The inheritance piles up. Mrs. Hillard was a Whittlesey.

The following is taken from "Genealogical and Family History of the State of Connecticut" published in 1911 by the Lewis Historical Publishing Company — Volume II, page 723.

"John Whittlesey, immigrant ancestor, was born July 4, 1623, in Cambridgeshire, England, near Whittlesea, ——. He came to America with the Lords Say and Seal Company in 1635. The company landed in Boston, Massachusetts, but as early as 1636 were in Saybrook, Connecticut. The records from Saybrook from this time to 1670 were destroyed by fire, but the Whittleseys are mentioned as among the inhabitants of Middlesex county, Connecticut, in 1648. In 1662 John Whittlesey and William Dudley, of Saybrook, contracted with the town to keep a ferry across the Connecticut at Saybrook from Tilly's Point. They were also to build a road to the point and a horse canoe or boat large enough to carry three horses at once and such passengers as desired to cross. In 1677–78–79 John Whittlesey is mentioned as buying lands. He represented the town of Saybrook in the general assembly between 1644 and 1658, and was also elected in 1696–97–98–1703. In 1678 he was appointed collector of minister's rates, and again in 1681–82; townsman in 1688–89–97. In 1684 he was one of the attourneys, a lister in 1685, and frequently one of a committee to survey and lay out land and to seat people in the meeting house. He was made freeman, April 4, 1704. His house was built near the ferry, on the west bank of the river, and the site remained in the family until recent years."

The following is taken from "Memorials of the Whittlesey Family" published by the Whittlesey Family Association in 1855, page IV.

"On the 20th of June 1664, Mr. (John) Whittlesey was married to Ruth Dudley, who, it is said, was the daughter of William Dudley, of Guilford, sister to William, to whom the ferry was granted, and granddaughter of Thomas Dudley, Governor of Massachusetts."

Note: There were eleven children from this marriage, of whom Eliphalet was the eighth and from whom Mrs. Elias Brewster Hillard was directly descended. (7th. generation.)

In a letter written by Martha Hillard Macleish are these words — "I think Mary was more like her mother than her father. She certainly had the Burrall conscience. Her strong will was probably a Hillard trait though the Burralls had it too.

"I think her social sense and love of doing for others was largely the result of her being a minister's daughter in a family where both father and mother were deeply and practically interested in the welfare of their parishioners, especially those most needy.

"The religious life in our home was simple, sincere, and beautiful. My father was brought up by his puritan, Brewster mother

in a religion of fear. He was taught that God was "angry with the wicked every day." A sensitive little lad, he lay in bed every night in fear and trembling, afraid that he might die before morning and knowing that, much as he wanted to do right, he did sin every day. He made up his mind very early that if he ever had children they should have a very different religious training. He longed and watched for a more natural and liberal interpretation of religion and was drawn to Oliver Wendell Holmes and Whittier. When Whittier published his "Islands of the Blest," father wrote him in thanks and he had very interesting letters from both Whittier and Holmes which, unfortunately, were destroyed after his death. I think that I, perhaps, was the only one who knew about them besides mother. Henry Ward Beecher was a great joy to him.

"Father had a happy buoyant nature, a mind open to new ideas, always in the liberal ranks. His religion was a very real thing, but practical, a matter of every-day living. He was always deeply interested in his young people and they loved him. He had more courage, both physical and moral, than anyone I have ever known intimately, was full of enthusiasm and keen interest.

"Mother was a splendid mate for him. When they were married my Aunt Mary, mother's sister, said of them "I can see Elias flying off on tangents and Julia holding onto his coat-tails," a good description of their life together. Mother had a fine mind and had received the best education her day afforded. Both spiritually and intellectually she was a fit companion. Socially she was father's mainstay. In each of our homes she was a social leader in the best sense of the word. She was wonderfully executive, had order and system in a high degree, and as for economy, it would be hard to find anyone who could make a minister's salary go farther. She was most clever with her needle, a fine cook who knew how to train raw Irish girls into adequate servants. Indeed, as I look back after being mother and homemaker myself under much easier financial circumstances, I think my mother was a marvel, bearing and bringing up eight children, keeping us all well clothed, well fed, training us to orderly, efficient habits, and keeping the home life cheery and wholesome. She was a lady in the best sense of the word. The minister who preached her funeral sermon and who had known her well for years dwelt upon her refinement of nature.

"I think as I have said, that Mary inherited more from mother

than from father. There was a certain mystic element in her religion. She had the absolute sense of right and wrong that I remember in my grandmother Whittlesey — and that was Burrall. She had mother's executive ability and she was a bit over on the conservative side, as was mother."

Mrs. Macleish adds — "She was named for her mother's oldest sister, who in turn was named for her grandmother Mary Robbins, the pioneer wife and mother who had gone with her husband and children in a prairie schooner from Sheffield, Massachusetts, to the new home which they founded in the Western Reserve, Northern Ohio, and called Sheffield from the home which they had left."

The description of the home life in the Parsonage at Plymouth which her sister gives is a beautiful picture — "Father was our playfellow as well as the final source of discipline. He told us stories, loved to go with us on picnics and camping-out expeditions and kept us interested in the life of the people about us. Mother kept the machinery moving smoothly, training each one of us to do her part in creating a comfortable, happy time. Very clear is the picture of many of our home evenings, gathered about the big living-room table with its two-armed student lamps, mother making or mending clothes for somebody, each girl busy with sewing, knitting, or crocheting and father reading to us. We got much of Dickens that way, Uncle Tom's Cabin and other things, all good, for both father and mother had high ideals for us. In Plymouth were born Will and Fanny, Arthur and John. Will was never very strong and died in his late 'teens. Arthur, a lovely baby, died of croup in babyhood. When John was born, some two years later, he became in his early years rather specially the charge of Mary, as Millie had been the charge of Patty now away at college. Thus grew up a very special bond between Mary and this much younger brother John. He became in later years much like a son to her, and his death just as he was entering a promising law practice was the heaviest grief of her life."

That family gathered around the student lamp not only received an education from father and mother and from one another within the walls of the parsonage but also from the fact that it was in vital contact with the community. It received an education from what came by way of newspaper and magazine and the village library. During those years in Plymouth — there was near by the Waterbury American (for which Mr. Hillard

wrote on occasion) and the Springfield Republican, newspapers of worth and power, and such magazines as The Nation, The Dial, The North American, The Atlantic.

Mary Hillard herself wrote "What has come from past years is sacred and already immemorial." She said this in regard to school life. It is equally true of all schooling whether inside the walls of a school or in the education which comes from heredity and background. The elements which went into the making of Mary Hillard can easily be recognized now that it is possible to look back and to observe the quality of her ancestry from the beginning of New England down to the day of her birth. In her own way she seized these elements and qualities and wove them into the fabric which became her life and work.

When Mary Hillard was less than three years old, in mid-April 1865, of a day her father was walking along the road not far from the parsonage in Kensington when a neighbor in a buggy met him. The neighbor gave Mr. Hillard a piece of news that broke the heart of the North and which stirred the sympathy of the world. Mr. Lincoln had died. This sad and sudden word came to Mr. Hillard with so great a sense of loss and personal bereavement that he turned from his neighbor, leaned upon the rails of the fence and wept.

This incident sets the stage for those years which formed the thought and character and career of Mary Hillard. Abraham Lincoln was elected president in the autumn of 1860 and began his presidency in 1861. The war between the Southern and Northern States began in April in 1861. No man, woman or child in Connecticut or New England could escape the influence of a struggle which was felt to the ends of the earth. Connecticut and Massachusetts had been in the forefront of the agitation and had done much to swing the Congress in Washington to that point where it was willing to declare war. Generations after, every schoolchild in every village up and down the Connecticut Valley knew all the arguments and the names of those public officials of the South and the North who pronounced the arguments which at length brought on the Civil War. On occasion, one or another of these men elected to represent the people in Washington came back home to make a speech and to find out what people at home thought. In this way not only did the children know the faces of their senators and representatives but also had heard their voices.

Those who lived in the valley near Hartford were not far enough from New York nor far enough from Boston to get away from the words of William Lloyd Garrison or Harriet Beecher Stowe or of the Springfield Republican. A child born in the early '60s soon became aware that there was a North and a South, of veterans, of bereaved families, of married men who had to be cared for. By the time such a child had grown to young manhood or womanhood, he or she would have taken part in the unveiling of The Soldier's Monument on The Green and would have picked armfuls of flowers with which to deck soldiers' graves on the 30th of May.

Beyond the sentiment and the ideas which surged and resurged through the communities of New England and along the Atlantic Coast there came out of the war influences and discoveries which began the remolding of the United States and of Western Civilization. It seems a time loaded with power, the import of which has not yet been measured. All of these ideas were taught to the children from the point of view of their value at the moment. In every history book which was put into the hands of the boys and girls in Connecticut for decades after the War of the Rebellion no book failed to show pictures of the Merrimac and the Monitor — an incident which began with the sinking of the Cumberland. Little did they know that the fascination of that picture of the fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor would be lost sight of in the years to come by the same fascination between ships high in the air more mobile and more deadly than anything produced by the men of the '60s.

It was not only in this carrying on of warfare between states and nations for which that period in American history was to be reckoned as important. The epidemics of disease which follow every war were rampant at the close of the Civil War and carried off old and young. Men of the medical profession and other public-spirited citizens undertook to do something to protect the community from the ravages of diseases which time and experience have proved can be controlled to a degree hard to have been believed in the '50s. The result of this solemn interest produced the organization of boards of health. This was only one of a number of agencies which got under way at the time and which have resulted in better conditions as far as health goes, shorter hours of work for men, women and children, reforms for the humanizing of society the end of which is not yet in sight.

Every child would have been stirred by the discovery of gold in the west. The names of Colorado, Nevada, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, were real spots on the map and were called territories. To these far-off places men of adventure from the countryside had gone and in some instances took with them little families. America was on the move — at any rate much of New England had begun to pick up its belongings and to start westward. Along with the discovery of gold and of the organization of territories was another experience which was not only in the history books and of which much was heard from the pulpits as well as week by week in the newspapers, namely the taming of the Indian. What a combination, gold, the West, Indians! Later on, how fraught with demands upon the imaginations of every thoughtful American.

In these childhood years of Mary Hillard there came ideas and experiences from beyond the neighborhood of the parsonage in Kensington or of South Glastonbury. New England no longer could quite control the country and no longer could the United States stay in the smugness and in the ignorance of isolation. The Atlantic Cable was laid in 1866 and Alaska was purchased from Russia in 1867. The country had burst through its shell. It was such a bursting as never could be mended. Humpty Dumpty had fallen from his wall. In poured the news fresh from Europe. Out went adventurers to dig deep in Alaska. The globe, the world indeed began to assume a roundness not to be denied. Americans touched minds with Europeans and Asians. It was indeed a time in which to grow up. To be sure, at home there were uncomfortable things to face — in the reconstruction of the South, a task which bred bitterness, also a president of the United States was summoned before the tribunal of the land to face impeachment, a business which shocked every patriot. Of an entirely different character in its influence was the beginning of the use of the typewriter in commerce. It changed every office of all business in the world. Later on this invention caused great anxiety in the life of Mary Hillard when she expended her energy and her resources of every kind to assist her brother Frederick who had invented a typewriter. But, most important from the point-of-view of the growth of entrance of women into industry, into the professions, and into politics was the organization of the American Women Suffrage Association in 1869. These years while this child was growing up in Kensington and in South

Glastonbury saw movements begin that changed the ways of men and women at the four corners of the earth. And then came an anti-climax. It was called a panic. It was blamed on the over-expansion of commerce. It might well have been blamed on greediness. Any child in a parsonage in South Glastonbury would have felt it and would have witnessed the suffering and the unhappiness which came from the panic of '73.

Of course, in time (a short time as one looks back) the nation more or less got used to hard times and learned to live more simply. But hard times or not, American men and women could not rest on their laurels nor could they sit down to mourn the lack of funds. They proceeded to find out more of their resources, both material and intellectual. In the realm of education there was a stirring which in a few years became an influence that affected every teacher in the land. Johns Hopkins University in 1876 opened the first real graduate school in America — an opening of more than a school, rather it was a throwing up the windows and a bursting out of the doors for every American who desired a training in anything which was of interest to a student. No longer was it necessary to cross the Atlantic to be taught or to teach those things which scientists and scholars had found out. This departure at Johns Hopkins University was one more sign that the isolation of the United States of America had come to an end. Along with this freedom in things intellectual came further discovery in things material which broke down barriers of another sort and which seemed to destroy space and darkness. As the result of the study and work of Alexander Graham Bell, in the very year in which Johns Hopkins University began the graduate school, the first intelligible words were transmitted by telephone. During the next year Thomas Edison produced the phonograph. The following year C. F. Brush brought out the arc-light and in 1879 Mr. Edison showed the world the incandescent light. While Mary Hillard was in her teens and was part of that large family in the parsonage on the hill in Plymouth, education took a stride forward, a method of communication made the mails seem antique, electricity began to flood homes and streets with illumination. It was not only business which expanded under these movements and inventions, it was the minds and the homes which no longer could be kept behind trim fences and hedges. The thinking and the conditions and the ways of life were cut off forever from the limitations of the past, from oil

lamps, from drudgery, from guessing what went on in the next village or the neighboring state, from the deadening influence of introspection or of knowing only what went on in the village.

There were other movements which swept into the life of the communities of America, stirrings of the heart and of the imagination, no less daring than the mechanical and material improvements of electricity. As recently as 1881 the American Red Cross began under the leadership of Clara Barton that work of mercy which goes today wherever human suffering and tragedy afflicts mankind. In quick succession there followed evidences of an awakening on the part of human beings that men and women needed each other and the help which they could give to other human beings under the stress of afflictions not brought about by war or famine or fire or flood. Besides the American Red Cross, there was organized The American Federation of Labor. The Congress passed an anti-trust law. There came into being the first Pan-American Conference which was presided over by James G. Blaine. The parsonage in Plymouth seemed tucked away in idyllic isolation. But in the same manner that light and news almost flew in at the doors and windows so too did the ideas and significance of all these human institutions come into the thinking and conversation in that house as in every American home where intelligent people lived.

As Mary Hillard grew beyond schooldays, the growth of the United States went on by leaps and bounds. Any out-giving or forward-looking person such as she was, no more than her country, could be hemmed in. The events in the land of her birth as well as what went on in the world made deep impressions and constantly kept her mind at work. Panic succeeded prosperity again almost with a rhythm — a cycle which always brought lessons about human nature to every person sensitive to what went on in the homes in the countryside as well as the homes in the city. Another war came along — the so-called Spanish-American War. John Hay came to the front and brought about the Open Door in China which was followed by the Boxer Uprising, an event to make echoes in New England households whence young and eager teachers had gone to help the Chinese. The Wright brothers taught the world to fly. Again the medical profession made a needed and permanent contribution to American life by way of the Pure Food law — a contribution which no

woman could overlook, especially those women who conducted a home or a school. By the same token, every woman with imagination got behind the movement to limit the working-hours of children who labored in the coal mines and in other industries. Henry Ford produced the Model T. Mary Hillard, no doubt with memories of her father's horse and buggy, once remarked that every country parson could not do his work without a Ford.

There were other things which went into the moulding of this girl who later on was to have so much to do in the makings of an host of girls ready to assume their place in their generation. As in June 1862, so too today, peace prevails in Kensington. Perhaps there is more quiet on the west bank of the Connecticut River than in 1862. Today, the old church needs paint but it crowns the hill at the curve of the road and looks across the farms and homes in the same manner as it has for decades. In contrast with the tenseness of life among the communities that touch upon it, Kensington seems to have withdrawn from the world and speaks of days when horses and oxen were the methods of transportation. The three boys who trudge up the hill in their bare feet, poles on shoulder, worm-can in hand, seem, as does the village, unaware of the industry that hums and throbs across the river as America gets ready for war. It was here that Mary Hillard was born. It was a far-flung job that her father carried on from the parsonage, a parish to be measured not in a great number of souls but in miles as well.

Across the river is Glastonbury where Mr. Hillard was pastor from 1867–1869. Glastonbury in 1941 is, in miniature, the history of what has happened in New England. The majesty and sweep of the valley remains. Houses of the 17th century built to stand, houses which indicate the prosperity of that part of the Connecticut Valley, homes with dignity and charm still grace the broad streets. The gas stations and tea-houses and gift shops do not spoil the beauty of the place. Perhaps these additions of modernity heighten the graciousness of the mansions and the lawns which have endured for more than two centuries and which have witnessed the passing of generations of people and of the things which interested them for the moment. There is one very new feature of the countryside which jars the sensitiveness of those who like old homes and old-time manners. Automobiles, airplanes and war dominate the scene. Two processions of automo-

biles, the one coming and the other going, crowd the thoroughfares. They are the transports of an army of men who labor night and day in the manufacture of airplanes in the huge factory which has been erected on the edge of Glastonbury. To be sure, this Connecticut town has lived through war after war. The Hillard family saw those homes under the stress which succeeded the Civil War but not one of them ever could have thought that such an enterprise and industry to build instruments for mechanized warfare would ever have transformed the east side of the river as in 1941.

It was in 1869 that the Reverend Mr. Hillard became pastor of the Congregational Church in Plymouth. He remained there until 1889. The church of which he became pastor was organized as early as 1739. The Episcopal Church followed in 1740. These two groups, the almost simultaneous date of their "gatherings," the difference in the size of their membership, 4 to 1, contain the elements which make the political and religious history of Connecticut throughout most of the 18th century.

The scene of Mary Hillard's growing up days is easy to uncover even after these many years. Plymouth, Connecticut, remains on a hill and continues to retain aspects of austerity and simplicity. The Green is commanded by a white church and lesser public buildings. There are old houses which show that in days gone by there must have been wealth enough to erect them and also enough generosity to build such a structure as the white church. From The Green and The Church can be seen the old cemetery higher up the hill and across the road. This burial place goes back to the 18th century with gravestones in which are cut the names of many a New England family. Even seventy-five years ago the spruce and maples in this God's Acre must have been big enough to give the impression of being on guard over the village of precious graves. In this spot rest the ashes of the girl who with her brothers and sisters ran across this plot of land set aside for the dead and from which the neighborhood, far and wide, could be seen.

In the summer time only glimpses of Plymouth can be seen from the cemetery and only hills whereon the eye can turn. The summer scene from Mary Hillard's grave must be almost the very same which she looked out upon in her childhood. At her feet the passage of time would be in evidence because the Hillard lot has filled up. Upon her own grave lies a stone similar to that which

she had placed upon the graves of her mother and her father, flat stones, granite, exquisitely cut, on it these words —

MARY ROBBINS HILLARD
JUNE FOURTEENTH
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND
SIXTY TWO
OCTOBER TENTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND
THIRTY TWO
FROM
HER UNDERSTANDING
COMETH HER SYMPATHY
FROM
HER SYMPATHY COMETH
GENEROUS ACTION

In the winter the change of seasons shows more houses in Plymouth, the Episcopal Church has been replaced by another and modern edifice, the library is new, the architecture has lost its dignity, the road up which horses used to climb so slowly is now traveled by vehicles which run up the incline with a roar, and up from the valley comes the noise of motors which have so largely taken the place of the railroad built when Mary Hillard was a girl. When the leaves have fallen there is laid bare the new Connecticut which not only uses water-power but now steam and electricity. The intensity of Connecticut's new life is concentrated in the valley. Below Plymouth there is much activity and on the main road through Plymouth there is traffic night and day, all of which glares more when the trees are bare. The hills and the valleys and the north and west remain the same. The influx of people, the growth of industry, the improvement of roads and the methods of transportation have indeed changed the outward aspects of life in every community in Connecticut but they have not changed the hills and the valleys and the trees and the birds and the flowers and the sky and human nature. Mayflowers still are to be found and rocks to be climbed at Greystone, "the whistling school-boy with his satchel, and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school" may still be seen. Sunday after Sunday, the old bell summons God's people to church. Babies are born in the old and new houses. The doctor comes and goes as

ever. Wars begin and cease, everything human is as usual. Winter and summer are in absolute control as always.

A seven-year-old girl whose eyes and ears saw and heard everything that went on arrived at the Congregational Parsonage in Plymouth with the new pastor. Until she was seventeen she lived on the hill which commanded the Naugatuck Valley. Plymouth, the Congregational Church, made a liberal education for any child of ordinary powers of observation but to one who could see and hear with almost uncanniness it was a great opportunity to grow up on that spot in Connecticut. How fortunate to have been on that hilltop rather than in the valley. It was in the valley where the times crept on with relentlessness. All through history a stream of water has determined what shall happen to human beings. The Naugatuck River furnished power, furnished rich deposits of soil in spots, and indicated the easy route into that part of the State of Connecticut where it flows. The little streams which flowed into the Naugatuck also furnished power to turn mills. So too the main stream as well as the smaller brooks on which were mills determined where the roads should go. The introduction of steam power lessened the value of the little streams for mills. The coming of the steam railways lessened the value of the little roads. And so, life from the hills slipped down into the valley where wheels were turned by steam and where goods as well as people were carried by steam. Not only did life leave the villages on the hilltops and in the little valleys but a surge of life came into the Naugatuck Valley from the outside and quite truly from the ends of the earth.

Mary Hillard grew up in Connecticut as this change came across not only the hilltop of Plymouth and the Naugatuck Valley but as it swept in all its force across the American Continent. The little girl hidden in the robes of the minister's buggy as he went from house to house and from hamlet to hamlet, saw and heard more than the joys and sorrows of men and women to whom her father ministered, she saw and heard much more than the height and depth of human experience of villagers and farmers who had lived off the soil and by the clocks made in little shops. She also felt the approach and at length the onslaught of the horde of human beings which came across Connecticut from overseas. Later on she knew how much of her education was due to the things which she had learned in the buggy as her father

made his calls and how her understanding of all sorts of people came from her early observation of the coming of the immigrants to the Naugatuck Valley.

She used to enjoy telling about going about the countryside with her father as he made his calls. She felt that she had learned much about human nature in those days of her childhood. She had a vivid memory of the winter in the hills of the Naugatuck Valley near Plymouth when tucked in with robes and blankets on the floor of the sleigh, partially out of sight, she peeked out at everybody with whom her father conversed as he stopped on the road or at house after house on his rounds of the parish. The child was not to be seen but she saw and she heard and she remembered down through the years what she had observed. Then, as now, it was a liberal education to live in the parsonage. Her father was one of the few college men in the community as was true of the occupant of almost every parsonage up and down New England even as late as the 1870s. The girl was quick to notice the differences of quality of mind, in the training of the intellect, between the family in the parsonage and those in countryside. And too she was equally as keen in the observation of the high quality of character and of citizenship of these same neighbors. Through her life she remembered the honesty and courage and unselfishness of the neighbors of her childhood, the men and women of Connecticut whose boys and girls like herself were builded into The State, The Church, and every other piece of work which Connecticut gave to the world. She never forgot the generosity and the kindness of these same neighbors to whom her father ministered and to whom he gave of his treasures. There was a give and take, a community of goods, not to be added up in dollars and cents, in a small town and in a district which still kept its Yankee flavor. Mary Hillard learned in those childhood days that rare quality of how to give gladly and how to receive graciously.

In order to understand the wideness and liberality of the training which could be absorbed by a sensitive mind during the 1870s and which observed life from the vantage point of a comparatively quiet Connecticut hilltop it is important to remember the drama with the quality of a Greek tragedy which was enacted along the Atlantic coast as well as across in the broad country to the west of the Mississippi River. The newness of America still fired the imagination of the peoples of Europe. The facilities

to cross the ocean had increased and become cheaper. "Free lands" were still to be acquired by those who possessed strength of body and a sense of adventure. These all are the causes for the so-called deserted villages of New England, for the cellar holes with a fringe of lilacs, for the dams which no longer hold water. Plymouth did not and could not escape this migration of her own sons and daughters, any more than she could keep out the infiltration of the sons and daughters of England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy and many another country in Europe. It was a give and take. Connecticut along with every part of New England sent out the founders of the west and took in a new lot of Europeans to carry on the work in field and factory which had begun long enough ago to seem established as a permanency. "The Covered Wagon" has been succeeded by the railroad train. People and their goods and their capacities were on the move.

This movement of men and women and of business brought changes to Plymouth. It also brought new problems and excitement to the parsonage on the hill. The Congregational churches were quick to feel the trend of American life at the close of the Civil War. The Church in Plymouth was sensitive and alive to the challenge and the opportunity of the times. Mr. Hillard and his wife, not only in the family circle but also in their association with the leaders of the Church in Hartford and New Haven, were alert to the individual as well as to mass problems which surrounded them. No family could have been in a better position geographically to observe what was taking place even had that family not wanted to share it. On the one side was Thomaston in the Naugatuck Valley, on the other was Terryville and Bristol in the Farmington Valley. As a matter of fact Plymouth remained a country village encircled by manufactories. That meant men and women going out from the village to work in factories six days a week. It also meant that at night these same men and women brought back into the village what they had learned of life in the mills and shops of Thomaston, Waterbury, Terryville and New Britain. They came in contact with intensity and eagerness of business which flared up at the close of war and which allowed so many to make fortunes which in turn brought prosperity throughout New England. They came into touch with workers attracted from lands across the seas by the stories which had been told them of the wages to be earned and the fortunes to be made in America. They heard new languages and learned of

new customs. They found out that there were other churches besides the Congregational and Episcopal. They came in touch with the restlessness of the returned soldiers as well as the uneasiness of the immigrants who were disappointed in "the promised land." In these immigrants were the seeds of radicalism which at that time had begun to take form in Europe and which soon were organized in the United States into various groups for the protection of those who labored day by day when business was good.

The restlessness and the radicalism of the immigrant are factors that must be taken into consideration in any attempt to understand Connecticut during the second half of the 19th century. This mass of people from across the seas made over many things in American life which had been taken for granted before the Civil War. The democratic quality of this influence is a contrast of high significance now that it is possible to look back and to see that no longer kings and statesmen control people but rather great groups on fire with an idea mould nations to their will. The immigrant did not stay in New England. There was free land to the west. His fever to get to the new land stirred those whose fathers had lived in New England for generations. A Norwegian writer complained that the population of America was only half-settled and that everyone was on the move. It was such a stir that went deep into the thought of those years and made for an expansion of ideas as well as of practical experience. One phase of it all came to the attention of thoughtful Americans such as lived in the parsonage at Plymouth. The immigrant from Sweden thought of himself as a Swede. His children thought of themselves as Americans. Many a heartache and tragedy grew out of this change of attitude between the two generations. Mary Hillard was to observe this again and again as the years went on.

Thus it was that the people young and old who lived in the parsonage came in contact with the stream of life which flowed into and which filled the valleys of Connecticut as well as so much else of the land. Then, as always, to grow up in a professional family was a liberal education. The minister and the physician and the lawyer and teacher cannot escape people. Men and women and all that concerns them make the life of a clergyman. It was in these days in the parsonage at Plymouth that Mary Hillard began to show her interest in the nationalism which has

been woven into the fabric of American life brought to the United States from every nation on earth. Whether it was an Irishman's point of view or that of an Italian, she was familiar with it. Later on, what she had found out about foreigners when she was a child, she was able to translate to succeeding generations of girls at school so that they learned that people were human beings no matter from what corner of the earth their fathers came.

Mary Hillard remembered the days of simple living in the country parsonage. She recalled with gratitude the families in the countryside which helped to make living in the parsonage possible for a minister on a small salary with a houseful of children. There was a community of interest and a sharing of gifts in those old parishes which was not unlike the spirit in the Acts of the Apostles. No one denied the fact that the salary was too small, nor that a bushel of potatoes, a suit of clothes, a gown, or frocks for the children were anything but expressions of gratitude for the gifts which the minister showered upon his people from the pulpit as well as from his pocket. Mary Hillard remembered those days of neighborliness and took pleasure in the way which she was able to express her thanks for them. More than one girl was enabled to go to school because her grandparents had been part of those days when they were able to share their prosperity with the folks in the parsonage. No pride in her achievements ever let Mary Hillard become blinded to the neighborliness of her youth, a rich experience and an education in itself.

Was it Moses Hillard and his contact with Moscow or was it the sight of immigrants who had begun to fill up the towns in the Naugatuck Valley or was it that imagination which related the near to the far and which allowed her to see her girls going out into the world with the young women of every nation, or what was at the bottom of the likeness between her and "The Little Grandmother" of the Russian Revolution? The Westover girls felt as if "Baboushka" was their own possession. They took pictures of her, wrote letters to her, worked to earn money for her. Catherine Breshkovsky was known to millions of people as "Dear Little Grandmother." The girls at Westover adopted her as did many girls in the United States who were touched by the story of her life. Little did these girls realize at the moment that their own headmistress was spiritually and from the standpoint of intellectual experiences a sister to this woman who had spent so many years in Siberia.

From the biography of Madame Breshkovsky written by Mrs. Blackwell is this description of her young womanhood. It will readily be seen how close to each other she and Mary Hillard were, especially at the outset of their careers. "(Her father) helped her to open a boarding school for girls, and through the influence of her relatives she obtained many pupils, daughters of rich parents, who paid for their instruction. Her father also built her a cottage where she taught the peasant children free. All that she earned above her livelihood she devoted to helping the peasants. She would buy a cow for one, a horse for another, doing her utmost to relieve misery around her. 'I now drew closer to the people,' she says. 'I began to realize the dull memory every peasant has of flogging and toil from time immemorial. I felt this subconscious but heart-deep longing for freedom.'"

These two young women although born 18 years apart and on opposite sides of the globe began their life-work along the same lines — but more than that their thought about women-kind grew into a similarity which cannot be escaped. In 1911 Baboushka wrote — "As man has found his destiny in nourishing and keeping safe his race, so woman must take for herself the duty of improving the race and making it worthy of the name of 'homo sapiens.' All that is love, tenderness, grace, beauty, courage, abnegation for the sake of large ideals, for the welfare of the future inhabitants of the world, — all these feelings and capacities are the result of our organism, are innate in us, and prepare our natures to be not only wives and mothers, but teachers, doctors of medicine, professors, ministers, statisticians, hygienists, psychologists, Socialists, and all that is necessary to be known by persons whose duty it is to educate and elevate the human race.

"Yet I am sure such minds, belonging to the masculine sex, are rather an exception; while the construction of our feminine mind has been cultivated during so many thousands of centuries in a pacific direction, preferring the sphere of sense and meditation. . . . Yes, I am sure it is time for the women to step out as educators, as creators of new relations between one another. There must be principles, but there ought to be practice, too. Who will set the example? Only those that can observe the functions of our body and mind from the very infancy of its growth can inculcate successfully new habits and new inclinations in the coming generation."

Two other bits from Baboushka illustrate the kinship which Mary Hillard shared with her. They both saw how little they needed for themselves and how much was the need to help the men and women around them. In a letter written in 1916 are these words "You say that the women of the Westover School mean to send me $50.00 a month. It will be a great relief, and my gratitude will be profound. You wrote me once that many persons said: 'She would receive much help if she used the money for her own needs, but she gives it all away.'

"I think that if my sharing with the poor makes me happy, that is all any one can contribute to my welfare. I am not only happy when mending the naked needs of my comrades, but am seriously unhappy when, knowing those needs, I am not able to help. So every ruble, every dollar, is a joy, a hope, a possibility of rendering a service to those who lack the bare necessaries of life. Even when a prey to fierce inflammations, I never forget my obligations toward those to whom I have promised my help, and I cannot rest until my waiting comrades are provided for as arranged."

In that same year (1916) there came a letter to the young women of Westover School written in Russian. It was a letter to thank them for this help but to it were added words which must have made Mary Hillard glad — "No vocation is so needed, so beneficial for the present and so fruitful for the future, as the rational and moral education of children."

But it was not only Russians — Mr. E. Robert Stevenson, Editor-in-Chief of The Waterbury American and The Waterbury Republican, writes, "I don't know how we happened to overlook her work for the Italians in Waterbury in her obituary. I had assumed that we had given it attention. Miss Hillard conceived the idea that more should be done to integrate the Italian population more rapidly into American life. She talked the matter over with me several times and finally, and naturally I suppose, thought it should be in terms of education. She proposed to the Unico Club, an Italian organization of Waterbury, that a celebration of some form be held each spring to honor the Italian students who had graduated from high schools in our city. The Italians liked the idea and adopted it. If my recollection is correct, Miss Hillard herself provided prizes for the outstanding students in the group. A dinner was held, followed by a dance. This plan, I think, is still followed. The awards made to the students

were then named The Mary Hillard Awards and are still so called."

Everything was "grist to her mill" and sooner or later showed up in her education and in her plans to educate other girls. Perhaps her interest in Russia may have come from her sea-captain ancestor who was to have rescued Napoleon from Moscow but more probably her deep appreciation of that land was the outcome of her sensitiveness to strangers in a strange land which was impressed upon her as she watched her father's flock come and go at the parsonage in Plymouth.

Education

THERE is a side to the life in Connecticut when the children were growing up which must be taken into consideration. The fact that the father and mother had minds and possessed culture put them in sympathy with what was happening in Hartford and Boston. That Mr. Hillard corresponded with John Greenleaf Whittier, and with Oliver Wendell Holmes and with Henry Ward Beecher is an evidence that the life of the intellect in that circle around the big table in the living-room was in touch with the thought from Boston and Hartford and Cambridge and which stirred the America of those days. To be sure much of it was thinking which was in conflict with itself — the new at war with the old — America on its way from the Atlantic coast across the continent to the Pacific. New England even before the Civil War had started to go west physically as well as intellectually.

Henry Adams was alive; so too were the Agassizs, Alexander and Louis; Bronson and Louisa Alcott still interested people; at Portsmouth, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Celia Thaxter were not a tradition but actual people; Horatio Alger would not have been allowed in any parsonage but he was an irritant in the minds of that generation; P. T. Barnum and his "greatest show on earth" lived down in Bridgeport in the winter but wandered up and down the countryside all the rest of the year; Phillips Brooks led the thought of Boston and of much of New England back into the ways of the Anglican Church; William Cullen Bryant was translating Homer so near that John Elton, Mary Hillard's friend, and his cousins were relegated to behind the barn so as not to disturb the poet; Rose Terry Cook was in Hartford, just around the corner, so to speak; Mrs. Eddy was just getting under way; President Eliot sat firmly in his position as leader not only at Harvard but in circles far and near; Emerson was food for young minds and older; John Fiske at Hartford explained

Darwin and Spencer; Margaret Fuller's influence was still growing; Mrs. Gardner was very much alive in Boston; William Lloyd Garrison held his reputation as a hero among New Englanders; General Grant became President Grant; Edward Everett Hale was a benediction not only in Boston but in the United States Senate; Nathaniel Hawthorne (every child had to read "The House of Seven Gables" and wondered what "The Scarlet Letter" was); John Hay wrote and spoke up and down the countryside; T. W. Higginson had begun to build up his superb contribution to the culture of America; Julia Ward Howe had sung The Battle Hymn of The Republic; W. D. Howells was at work on his not to be forgotten look at American men and women; the Jameses both wrote and irritated and made thoughtful people argue; Sarah Orne Jewett made some New Englanders see how other New Englanders looked and lived; Clarence King made America geology-conscious; John La Farge painted "The Ascension"; Henry W. Longfellow lived and wrote in Cambridge; James Russell Lowell lent color to Harvard and stirred the hearts of young and old to patriotism; Mary Lyon founded Mt. Holyoke; Charles Eliot Norton had translated Dante; George H. Palmer philosophized at Harvard; Francis Parkman made history in more ways than one; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps wrote "Sunny Side" and the "Kitty Brown" series; Josiah Royce was read in every clerical family; George Santayana was getting under way; John Singer Sargent made people gasp as they looked at the portraits of the rich; Edmund Rowland Sill was at work on the poems which schoolboys were to quote; Harriett Prescott Spofford wrote her "Madonna of the Tubs"; W. W. Story appeared on the American scene as author and sculptor; Harriet Beecher Stowe, neighbor and friend, was in Hartford; David Thoreau made the young want to live out of doors; Samuel Clemens was almost one of the family in a household so close to Hartford; Charles Dudley Warner delighted the public with his essays.

What a time in which to see the light of day in a New England parsonage. It meant not only to see the light of day but to catch a look at a color and glow of the mind and spirit that still hovers over the intellectual and artistic life of the United States. To pick up the threads of life at the close of the Civil War — no matter in what direction one's interest lay — was to be caught in a revolution in thought, in business and in politics. To a child

with the sensitiveness of Mary Hillard, it was a gift of the gods to begin life at that time and under the circumstances which was her background.

I

In order to understand the theory of education which Mary Hillard put into action during the height of her career it is necessary to know what sort of an education she herself received at school. Martha Hillard Macleish writes — "As educational days drew near, Uncle Moses, father's only own brother, a bachelor, had come forward with offers of help. With that aid it was possible to send Helen and Mary away for their college preparation. They went to St. Margaret's at Waterbury. There Helen who, father used to say, had the best mind of any of us, applied herself so assiduously that her eyes gave out, while Mary proceeded to have a grand time.

"As for Mary, though they had thought highly of her as a person, Dr. Russell agreed with father that she might settle down to work somewhere else. So father sent her to Abbott Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. There the Principal, Miss Philena McKeen, won her admiring loyalty and support. In particular she became enthusiastic over the history of art, a course which was extremely well taught at Abbott."

Dean Willard L. Sperry has given permission to use a few words from his "Summer Yesterdays in Maine" which gives one look at Mary Hillard's former teacher.

"'Aunty Philo' — or to be more respectful, Miss Philena McKeen, the long-time and beloved Principal of Abbot Academy in Andover, where my mother studied as a girl and later served in the '70s as a teacher and vice-principal. To use a familiar academic platitude, we 'honored ourselves in honoring her,' by having her at the cottage for a week each summer. She was an old lady, by that time already retired, rather wobbly, with a deep husky masculine voice. Her forbidding awesomeness was given its most local habitation in a profusion of long ringlet curls which she wore down each side of her head. They bobbed about in a most arresting manner as she tottered across a room. Her visits were for us children a time of trial. We dimly knew that she was a 'person,' even a 'personage,' but were not old enough

to get any comfort from that knowledge. She had a way, as soon as she arrived, of taking over the moral discipline of the family, which seemed to us entirely out of bounds. My one fault in particular was that at meals I always succeeded in leaving a few crumbs in my chair, and she never failed to call me back to 'sweep the crumbs out of your chair.' Why they were easier to get at, or any better off, on the floor was and still is a riddle to me. I only know that Aunty Philo had gone up into some New England Sinai and there received, by direct divine revelation, a commandment that the crumbs of childhood must be swept off chairs. Given such an apparition, such an implacable instrument of righteousness, you can understand with what downright dread I awaited her arrival, and with what joy I saw the last of her. I am sure this is all most unjust to a very great and good woman, but so it seemed and so it was to a small boy."

Only a few years before Mary Hillard became a student at St. Margaret's the school was known as the Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies. The catalogue for the school of 1867 from the Press of E. B. Cooke and Company, Waterbury, Conn., has been preserved by Mrs. E. P. Bronson of St. Louis. The Directors of the Corporation were the young business men of Waterbury some of which later became Mary Hillard's advisers when she founded Westover School — Frederick J. Kingsbury, Esq., President, Chandler V. Wayland, Secretary and Treasurer, Charles Benedict, John C. Booth, Scovill M. Buckingham, Calvin H. Carter, Esq., Augustus S. Chase, Esq. There was also a Board of Visitors which was made up of clergymen and business men of the countryside. Vassar College had just opened — not very far away, and when Miss Elizabeth Earle from the University of Wisconsin arrived in Waterbury 1869–70, this girls' school was under that influence which swept across the country and which brought the education of girls into line with the same standards with which boys were educated. The school had a Collegiate Department which included a four year course of study. The senior year of that course still sounds old-fashioned and heavy. The girls were required to study Mental Philosophy by Havens, History of Literature by Schlegel, History of Civilization by Guizol, Rhetoric by Blair, Moral Science by Wayland, Evidence of Christianity by Alexander and Analogy by Butler. Further back in the development of girls' schools the curricula were either too heavy or too light. In a statement by Mrs. John

Willard which she read at the Regent's Convocation in the state of New York in 1870 she says that in the 1820s the girls were using the same textbooks that were used in the Freshman class at Yale. A quarter of a century later in the catalogue of the Officers and Pupils of the Troy Female Seminary, for the Academic year, commencing September 1844, and ending August 6, 1845, are these words:

"The mode of teaching adopted in this school embraces a critical and thorough knowledge of the most approved textbooks, with such a system of oral instruction as is adapted to the intellectual character of the class and the nature of the subject to be taught. This method — the union of the English and Prussians — which has been employed for many years in the Seminary, has now received the unqualified sanction of the most distinguished practical teachers of our country, and has received the still higher sanction of complete success in this school. The effort is made both in the selection of subjects and in the mode of teaching to bring out in harmony all the powers of the mind; not to train the judgment at the expense of the memory, nor to cultivate the memory while the judgment and imagination are neglected; — but by a rigorous exercise, so to cultivate and strengthen each, that they shall together form the basis of a well-balanced intellectual character."

"The class in Botany we consider especially deserving of praise. — The study of Botany seems to be peculiarly appropriate for woman. — Wherever we see the windows filled with the most beautiful flowers, native and exotic, the columbine trailing its vines over the portico, the garden walk fringed with violets, and shaded with roses, we there recognize the finger of woman, and look for the abode of neatness, order, cheerfulness, and virtue. In all ages flowers have been made the objects of her care and the emblems of her purity and beauty."

Commencing in the catalogue September 15, 1869, ending June 22, 1870.

"The class in Botany, both by the character of the recitations and the rapid and accurate manner in which flowers were classified, analyzed and described, exhibited a familiarity with that delightful science which was wholly satisfactory."

The so-called higher education of girls at the mid-century is well put in Mrs. Shelton's Life of Eliza B. Masters entitled "An American Schoolmistress."

"At first these Female Academies were decidedly inferior to those intended for boys alone, as witness this elaborate early forerunner of our modern finishing school, which offers the following course of

study: 'Petit Point in Flowers, Fruit, Landscapes and Sculpture, Nun's Work, Embroidery in Silk, Gold, Silver, Pearls, or embossed, Shading of all kinds in the Various works in Vogue, Dresden Point Work, Lace Ditto, Catgut in different Modes, flourishing Muslin after the newest taste, and the most elegant Pattern Waxwork in Figure, Fruit or Flowers, Shell Ditto, or grotesque, Painting in Water Colors and Mezzotints; also the art of taking off Foliage, with several other Embellishments necessary for the Amusement of Persons of Fortune who have Taste.'

"The tone of the Female Seminaries was being steadily raised. The first to approach college rank was Mt. Holyoke, opened by Mary Lyon at South Hadley, Massachusetts, in 1836. In 1865 followed Vassar College, and later Radcliffe, Smith and Wellesley. Higher education for women was assured."

"Great numbers of young women were being equipped to meet the world by the so-called private 'finishing schools.' These laid more stress on polite accomplishments than on scholarship, more emphasis on pretty manners than on fine characters."

The second school to which Mary Hillard was sent even though Uncle Moses Hillard may have helped was on the lookout for girls from such a home as the Congregational Parsonage in Plymouth. In the History of Abbott Academy are these words —

"For the sake of their own daughters, rich men ought to make provision along with them for those who are forced to buy knowledge with self-sacrifice and hard endeavor. It is good for girls who have always had education pressed upon them, and all their wants supplied for the asking, to come into boarding school intimacy with companions who have been trained by the straitened circumstances of the home to self-denial, energy and diligence. Such girls add sinews of strength to a school."

In the year which Mary Hillard entered Abbott (1880) the course of study included Algebra, History of England, Latin-Caesar. Under Miss McKeen's influence it was upon such a course that she began to wake up. When she was surrounded by her own girls half a century later she must have been grateful for these old bits from the catalogue of 1880 —

"The Sabbath will be observed as in any other Christian family, calls will neither be made nor received upon that day. Unless providentially away, no young lady will be absent from her home here a single Sabbath during the term."

"The Teachers will gladly second parents in securing that simplicity of dress which becomes schoolgirls." (In Italics in catalogue.)

She enjoyed telling of the incident when the principal of Abbott Academy spoke to one of the girls after a dance and called her attention to the closeness with which she had allowed her partner to hold her — "My dear, what would you do — how would you feel, — if the music stopped?"

Martha Hillard Macleish writes further — "At the end of the year Mary had done so well that father feared to move her again. Moreover Mary herself declared that she did not wish to follow her two sisters to college. She wished to map out a career for herself. Accordingly she stayed at Abbott (1880–83), graduated there, and came back to Plymouth."

II

When Mary Hillard graduated from Abbott Academy and came back to Plymouth a new phase of her own education began. It was a part of her education which was to keep up until the end of her life. She began to teach school. Furthermore she started her career as a teacher and educator under circumstances than which none could be harder — the school in the village where she had been a pupil. She and all the town knew each other. For two years Mary Hillard taught boys and girls of various grades in the same building wherein were memories of her own mischief and pranks. The young and slender daughter of the minister whose eyes looked into their very souls could not have escaped the knowledge that their older brothers and sisters had told them how Mary Hillard had the courage to join with Rachel Gilliland and to go from a window in the study room along a narrow ledge to the window in the outdoor hall. She probably felt that they understood her as much as she understood them. Little did she know that stories about her youth would hang on through the years and be repeated by her schoolfellows and by the youngsters whom she taught in '84 and '85. A half century or more later Mary Hillard is remembered by way of a commotion which she had caused in this schoolhouse when as a girl she upset the girl in front of her as they filed up the steps into the building. The teacher enquired "Who caused this commotion?" Mary admitted that she had. "What did you do?" "I grabbed Minnie Mattoon's leg." "Very well. Sit down and behave yourself."

Mary sat down and seemed to be in a deep study. In a few moments her sister Helen got word to her that the word "leg" was not used by young ladies. After a bit, Mary wrote something on a piece of paper and handed it to one of her neighbors. On it she had written — "The limbs of a bird rested on the leg of a tree." Though she was only 21 and only a few years before had sat in those same benches she was unafraid. She knew Julia Kelsey had taught down in Terryville when she was 18 and that Emma Kelsey had taught in one of the out-schools in Plymouth at 16.

She never considered herself a good teacher, as such, but she could not get away from the fact that she had the interests of young people always on her heart and in her mind. The power of this instinct was indeed the passion of her life. This passion began to take form in those months when she taught in the village school at Plymouth. Her sister uses this phrase in a letter "Her desire to mould and control young people." When the family lived in Glastonbury Mary was about six years old. With her sister Milly on the street she saw a runaway horse with a buggy coming toward them. Mary placed Milly against the fence, stood in front of her, spread her skirt before her sister until the runaway had gone on down the street. This instance in the child was of the same quality as another which took place forty or more years later.

It was an evening at St. John's Church in Waterbury when Booker T. Washington was to tell of his life and work. The man was at the height of his fame. Not only did the citizens of Waterbury desire to see and to hear the man, but also those from the towns and villages near by. Miss Hillard, as always, wanted her girls to see and to hear him. It had always been part of her plan for the education of her girls that they should know about the work for human beings which went on in various parts of the world and she coveted for them every chance possible to come in contact with these men or women who had given their lives to the welfare of other young men and women. As Dr. Washington could not go to Westover, Miss Hillard brought the school into Waterbury. To the school was assigned the whole of the north gallery. The church was besieged with people who wanted to get within sight and hearing of this great negro educator — so besieged that on the heels of the school girls a mob crowded up the crooked stairway in the tower which led to the north gallery. Miss Hillard always looked in command of every situation —

never more so than when the last girl had entered the gallery. She turned to the crowd and commanded them back down the stairs. Halfway down she followed them and then quietly but firmly said "These girls have been put in my charge by their parents. I am responsible for them as long as they are with me. I cannot allow you to crowd into the gallery or on the stairs simply because of the danger which it creates in case of fire or of any other accident. I hope that you will understand." They understood and quietly went away. It was a perfect illustration of her attitude through the years of what she wanted for these young women and of the way in which she assumed her responsibility to take care of them.

As the crow flies, Farmington lies close to Plymouth. Mary must have known of Miss Porter's School in Farmington and may have met her. The Hillard family knew the Congregational ministers all through that part of Connecticut. There is every reason to believe that the Porters and the Hillards were acquainted with each other. At any rate Mary and her work became known to Miss Porter who engaged her to come to Farmington to teach in 1885. Martha Hillard Macleish writes these words — "After one or two years of public-school teaching Mary secured a position in Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Connecticut. There she found herself in very congenial surroundings. She heartily approved of Miss Porter's ideas, her way of handling girls, and of the methods she used to impress girls who came from homes where wealth and social prestige were the all-important things, with a sense of the real values of life."

She had a background akin to Miss Porter's, coming from a home of culture and refinements, where religion was the foundation and educational ideals were high.

St. Margaret's School

When Mary Hillard began to teach at Farmington she was 23 years old. Miss Porter was 72. Mary was descended from the Brewsters who settled in Pequot in 1649, and of John Whittlesey who as early as 1636 was in Saybrook. Miss Porter was a descendant of Robert Porter who in 1640 was one of the original proprietors of the town of Farmington. Both women came out of a Congregational parsonage. The likeness of their background and training cannot be carried much further. Miss Porter's education as far as schooling went was almost as informal as Mary Hillard's because "her early schooling was obtained at Mr. Hart's Academy in Farmington, where she studied in the same way as her three brothers who all went to Yale. A year (1832) spent in New Haven at the school of Prof. Andrews, the Latinist, was the only opportunity afforded her for study away from home and gave her a foundation on which she was able to build the self-directed studies of her later years. . . . In the decade following her New Haven experience, Sarah Porter did her first teaching, — in Springfield, Mass., Philadelphia, and Buffalo successively, — . . . Returning to Farmington, in 1843 she opened a day-school for the girls of the village." Disjointed as her schooling seems to have been Miss Porter was a scholar. Mary Hillard appreciated scholarship but never considered herself a scholar. Another similarity in the lives of these two women which of course can only be carried out to a limited degree can be observed by a glance at the map of Connecticut. Neither woman, save on occasion, ever went far from the same little place where her life began. The radius of activity seemed in direct contrast to the radius of their influence. A small circle on the map of Connecticut will enclose the area of the life and work of them both.

But under Miss Porter at Farmington Mary began to grow as she had not grown before. This was an experience which others enjoyed when they met Miss Porter. Professor Ladd of Yale said "I remember Miss Porter as in her mental equipment, mental

habits and attainments, the most magnificent example of symmetrical womanhood I have ever known." No wonder that the girls and young women who came to Farmington went out into the world to make a contribution which cannot be estimated. Small wonder that a young woman with the sensitiveness to personality as Mary Hillard responded and grew under the inspiration of this contact. On the occasion of the dedication of a memorial to Miss Porter in 1902, William M. Sloan remarked "she was utterly indifferent to wealth, except as it was a power for righteousness; to dress, except as it expressed sincerity; to social standing, except as it was a means for high example." At the same meeting, Professor Thomas Day Seymour said, "Personally, I cannot imagine Miss Porter as happy at the head of even the best woman's college, and if she were there I think she would continue true to her principle, that woman was born for the home rather than for any so-called vocation, and at any rate she would prefer to guide the thoughts of those who would direct homes rather than those who would direct business enterprises."

Mary Hillard responded to the confidence which Miss Porter placed in her. She was bound to do so. She was always wont to recognize the quality of those with whom she came in contact as she saw them with her father when he took her from hamlet to hamlet or as she met them in the capitols of the world. After two years Mary was put in charge of one of the houses of the school where she began to use her ideas about the management of girls. It is difficult to measure the influence which she absorbed from Miss Porter, consciously or otherwise. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts" and Mary to the end thought deeply and clearly. She recognized that Miss Porter was unique, that her school was unique — and further she was in the process of doing something of great worth for American society by way of her work upon the particular girls under her care. She observed that Miss Porter and her girls sat in places of power. Six years at Farmington — what a gift to any girl or to any young teacher.

There was another gift in store for the young woman from the Congregational Parsonage in Plymouth which awaited her in Farmington, friendship. She was not very much older in years than many of the girls. She was younger than they in experience with certain sections of the world. They complemented each other. She helped them to understand and to find a simplicity in

life which they had only guessed. They gave her glimpses of art and music, they introduced her to interesting men and women of affairs, they taught her about clothes; they gave her confidence in her power. For half a century these friendships kept up and with a give and take which they all appreciated. Two such friendships stand out, one with Grace Sercombe (Mrs. F. W. Wallace) and the other with Theodate Pope (Mrs. J. W. Riddle) who was the architect of the building at Westover School.

The experience at Farmington came to an end, as far as her position in the school was concerned, at the close of six years.

At the time when Mary Hillard began her work, the education of girls and women had taken what might be called an upward turn. It had become evident that women were to be educated with as much thought and care as men. Nevertheless in the '80s and '90s, there was much to be done for girls who had grown up under the old traditions of education and under the blight of what was considered proper for young ladies. There were those who had not gotten away from an un-American, almost an anti-American attitude, of their elders. Mr. Howells exposed them in one of his novels —

> "Why, this is not talking of America at all. I find your people — your best people, I suppose they are — very nice, very intelligent, very pleasant — only talk about Europe. They talk about London, and about Paris, and about Rome; there seems to be quite a passion for Italy; but they don't seem interested in their own country. I can't make it out. It isn't as if they were cosmopolitan; that isn't quite the impression, though — excuse my saying so — they try to give it. They always seem to have been reading the 'Fortnightly' and the 'Saturday Review,' and the 'Spectator,' and the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' and the last French and English books. It's very odd! Upon my word, at one dinner the Americans got to talking to one another about some question of local finance in pounds, shillings, and pence. I don't understand it."

There was another group of girls which had been kept within the walls of a clique, almost like a convent. A glimpse of them is to be seen in "A Woman's Reason," a novel by William D. Howells

> "They had in fact gone to the same schools, and grown through the same circumstances into the same society, in which everything they had been and had done fitted them to remain, and which was

very charming and refined, and good in a good sense, and so very, very far from doing anything for anything but culture's, or pleasure's, or kindness' sake."

A third group were the daughters of self-made men who had gone west and had acquired wealth — a wholesome and vigorous group — but whose parents wanted them to be made over into something like their New England cousins or even like their anti-American friends who looked with longing eyes across the Atlantic.

There were always those families, like the Hillards, which wanted their girls to be trained to take a place of leadership for all that was good in whatever community in the United States they found themselves. It was not long before they all discovered that Mary Hillard had what the girls needed. The situation is in part described by George Herbert Palmer in his words about his wife —

"The times were critical when Mrs. Palmer appeared. Social transformations were in progress. Girls were just emerging from sheltered homes, desirous of education and of whatever else might help to enlarge their lives. Many feared that such desires might dispose them to drop the quietness, delicacy, and spiritual power which were hereditarily theirs and to admit into their natures the ruder forces of our turbulent world. Most social changes involve danger. Mrs. Palmer did much to lessen this danger and to quiet those fears. . . . Persuasively and in her own person she showed how a deepened intelligence and a wider knowledge of affairs may heighten the character and ancestral traits of woman and permanently increase her charm."

Miss Porter at Farmington saw in her young teacher, Mary R. Hillard, a woman who ought to have a school of her own. When the opportunity came she recommended this young woman for such a position. This word from Miss Porter was the beginning of another adventure in the education of Mary Hillard. It came about in this way. At the close of the Civil War, Connecticut began to gird herself for the future. Business of all sorts took on life. New enterprises started. In Waterbury "The Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies" opened in 1865. Anna S. White, in a pamphlet which she edited for the 50th commencement of this school, says — "Not being financially successful, that school was closed for a year. Dr. Francis Thayer Russell, then assistant rector of St. John's Church, felt that there should be such a school

for girls in Waterbury, and was very active in arousing interest in the matter. He preached a wonderful sermon from the text: 'That our daughters may be as cornerstones, polished after the similitude of a palace.' The citizens of Waterbury, by a general subscription, raised money enough to pay the debts on the school and buy the lot on which it stands. This was presented to the Episcopal Diocese of Connecticut for a school. A charter was obtained June 8, 1875, under the name of Saint Margaret's School for Girls. Dr. Russell was the first rector of the school, associated with Dr. Russell in the management of the school was his wife, Mary Sigourney Russell, whose quiet, loving interest molded the whole life of the school."

In the pamphlet which Miss White edited is an item by Harriett Carrington Cook which marks the step of such importance in the life of Mary Hillard — "In 1890, a year after Mrs. Russell's death, as Dr. Russell was left very much alone, Miss Mary R. Hillard was chosen associate principal. She was teaching at Farmington at the time. In 1891, she assumed the task of building up the school. After the first year, Dr. Russell had no active management of the school, but turned it over to Miss Hillard with perfect trust and confidence, as he believed in her judgment absolutely." To both Mary Hillard and Dr. Russell it must have seemed a very short time since he had recommended to her father that he should take her out of St. Margaret's School. They showed an understanding and an appreciation of each other in this relationship which was not altogether new. That the partnership was begun was a compliment to them both. As the years went on neither of them could have been anything but glad over the matter.

The job which Mary Hillard took up in 1891 had aspects which may not all have appeared to a young woman of 28. She wanted to train girls for life. She had had a taste of it at Farmington. She now had a task of great delicacy, because she had not quite been given command. She became associated in an organization for the education of girls with a gentleman of charm, a scholar, a clergyman, a reader of Shakespeare who was much sought by schools and colleges (in a real sense the founder of the school), but a man of sixty-three years of age who had from the beginning of the school leaned upon his wife for much that makes a school of value in the eyes of both the students and their parents. How great must have been Mary Hillard's wisdom throughout that

first year and how great must have been his wisdom too which brought about so complete a confidence that within twelve months Mary Hillard became principal. Dr. Russell remained as Rector of the school throughout his life.

Mary Hillard brought certain tools or gifts with her and she found certain equipment at St. Margaret's School. It was not evident to everyone that she had had the training to succeed Mrs. Russell who had been such a mother to the girls of the school as well as to her own sons. There were those who knew as did her old schoolmate Julia Kelsey (Mrs. Marshall Leach) who even in her old age asked her sister Emma to say "that Mary looked up the tired mothers and cross babies and gave them both the care they needed. She herself, my sister, was very grateful to her." It is well to stress this maternal instinct at the outset of Mary Hillard's career because it grew as the years went on and was at the very center of her success with girls and also was at the core of the tragedy of her life. Martha Hillard Macleish explains this in part when she writes, "I think her social sense and love of doing for others was largely the result of her being a minister's daughter in a family where both mother and father were deeply and practically interested in the welfare of their parishioners, especially those most needy." Mrs. Macleish in another letter writes — "When Mary was four years old another baby arrived, another girl named Emily Brewster. Mother had a very friendly nurse, a middle-aged woman, whom she asked one day to go down the road half a mile and look into the condition of old Mrs. —— and her queer daughter ——. The nurse took little Mary with her and they were served tea, Mary's first of the delectable brew. Mary came home elated and confided to her mother that she hoped they would have tea in Heaven." Little did the people in Waterbury guess that the "old maid" who had come to help Dr. Russell knew about children or that her nature had been so nurtured with the elemental human contacts of family life. Emma Kelsey in her '80s wrote — "It is natural and pleasant for one of my age to reminisce. It is especially pleasant to recall the very happy girlhood days when my home was next door to the parsonage during Mr. Hillard's pastorate."

"Mary Hillard was interesting as a young girl. She would drop into our house bringing the baby (there was always a baby to care for) and Mary had great success and took the work as loving service. Coming into the house she would lay the baby on the

floor, straighten out the clothes, and put something in sight to interest it; then talk to us. I remember she talked of a woman of whom she had read in the Whittlesey genealogy. Mary was descended from the Whittleseys on her mother's side. This woman of whom she was telling us that morning had been the mother of twenty-one children. This reminds me — Mrs. Hillard, at one time expressed a little disappointment that her newly arrived girl baby was not a boy. Mary heard her say that. She disappeared for a while, then came to her mother saying — "Never mind, mother, I have been praying for nine more babies, all boys." The last baby to arrive in the Plymouth parsonage when the Hillard family lived there was a boy, John. Mary was fifteen years old. She loved John all through life.

Along with this endowment of mind and of body and of experience, Mary Hillard brought with her an idea of what a girls' school could be. She had been under Philena McKeen and under Sarah Porter. She remembered what they and their schools had done for her. Another part of her make-up which proved a tool which had to be used often was the knowledge of how to "make ends meet." The training in finances within the family of a Congregational Parsonage had been severe in its limitations but it had taught her much. She brought youth and courage, as well as faith in the goodness of God which her own father had taught. She found at St. Margaret's School equipment of value which under her direction became of greater worth.

She found a school where for 16 years had been done a good piece of work by two people who had endeared themselves in a happy way to 16 classes of girls which had gone out from it as well as to the people of the city and of The Church. There was a small corps of teachers, members of which remained for many years. There was a building in a respectable part of the city, with a spacious yard (for those days) on all sides of which were fine homes with delightful people. This building had limitations: it was built of wood; it did not make use of its spaces; it was hard to heat; it rambled. As schools for girls went in the early '90s there was considerable to commend in the way of equipment. Although Mary Hillard had been born and bred a Congregationalist she had come to take charge of a school which was backed by the Episcopal Church in every way save financially. Waterbury was one of the earliest parts of the Congregational Church to be established in Connecticut. Nevertheless the Episcopal

Church by 1891 had arrived at a position in the community which brought respect and which exerted influence. Then as now, St. Margaret's School was a part of St. John's Parish. The city of Waterbury, although a center of manufacturing was still a city of homes and charm and with streets lined with elm trees, a comradeship between capital and labor, an influx of Europeans which was beginning to be felt, many citizens who had fought in the Civil War, a fairly large group of college graduates, and New York City easy to reach. It was a good place for a girls' school.

There were persons and groups which made Mary Hillard's new home a good place in which she could grow. She had always been fortunate in that respect but nowhere more so than in this New England city. Within sight of St. Margaret's School was the residence of the Kingsbury family, a house, now a museum of Victorian culture just as it was when Mary Hillard was neighbor. It was a family which from the earliest days had built itself into the community as Waterbury grew up on the land which this family had possessed since the days of the 17th century. Within this group she found a friendliness that was hers as long as a Kingsbury lived. Further away, but none the less neighbors and friends were the Eltons — another family which had gone into the fabric of the city's life by way of business, church and education. The Kingsburys and the Eltons belonged from the beginning of things in the Naugatuck Valley and to the same countryside to which Mary Hillard's family also belonged for generations. It was altogether natural that she and they should have been friends for half a century. At the start of her career perhaps she was aware that in these homes her mind and soul found so much of what she had been deprived most of her life. She fitted into them intellectually but it was a new adventure socially and culturally. As the years went on many other families near by became part of her life as she did of theirs.

Because she was her father's daughter there was a bond of appreciation between her and the pastor of The First Church. It was such a link which she could not escape. The First Church had been there for two hundred years — almost as long as her forbears had been in Connecticut, almost as long as her ancestors had been New England Congregationalists. It was to be taken for granted that she above all people in the community should find The First Church her religious home — the old church

which had looked down and across The Green. However, there was more than an old organization there and more than an ancient site. At the head of the church was a pastor and scholar who was a friend of her father, who was a friend of his friends, as well as a leader in the thought of the state and city. The Reverend Joseph Anderson and Mary Hillard understood each other from the start. He it was who took the documents which the Kingsbury family had unearthed and wrote much of the History of Waterbury.

Even though St. Margaret's School had not belonged to the Diocese of Connecticut, Mary Hillard and The Reverend Edmund Rowland would have found pleasure in each other's friendship. St. John's Church, where Dr. Rowland was rector and Dr. Russell assistant-rector, was at the west end of The Green. Not only did the schoolgirls who worshipped at St. John's Church draw Mary Hillard toward the rector and his charming wife but here again there was an exchange of regard and interest that could not be avoided. Dr. Rowland and the life in St. John's Rectory were an experience in which Mary Hillard found the beauty and the graciousness which crowned the simplicity and austerity at the heart of that family. These were all men of her father's generation — Mr. Kingsbury, Mr. Elton, Dr. Anderson, Dr. Rowland — but the friendship in each instance descended to their children who were of her own generation.

There were two other men in Waterbury — as a matter of fact they came to the city about the same time as she did — two young men fresh from Yale whose job it was to make a daily newspaper go. They were Charles Frederic Chapin and Arthur Reed Kimball. Mr. Chapin came directly to Waterbury on his graduation from Yale and although only twenty-five-years old became connected with a business which ran a printing-press and published The Waterbury American. Mr. Kimball at twenty-six came to the same newspaper as associate editor. They both were classmates of Henry Sabin Chase — Yale 1877. These three men were the editors, publishers and owner of a newspaper which knew no fear. They were able not only because of their influence by way of the newspaper but because of their interest in the development and safeguarding of the best in American culture to join with Mary Hillard in every effort which she made to foster the education of the people of the city. The three of them were always the first to come forward in every effort that was made

to improve the community and to give help to those in need. The combination of The Waterbury American, St. Margaret's School, Mary Hillard, Mr. Chapin, Mr. Kimball, Mr. Chase did more for Waterbury and the surrounding country than can ever be measured. They were all builders of the new America which grew up after the Civil War.

When Mary Hillard took over St. Margaret's School she did not try to superimpose Miss Porter's School or Miss Porter's way upon St. Margaret's. She was not an imitator in that way. She brought the spirit of Miss Porter into her new work but not her methods. Because Mary Hillard had a capacity to observe and to listen she took the tools and methods which she found in Dr. Russell's charge and made the most of them. Sensitiveness to ideas and to their effect was a gift of which she made the most. She appreciated all that Dr. Russell and Mrs. Russell had meant to St. Margaret's. Here she found herself aware of her ancestry, her training, and now, sensitive to her environment. Few men and women ever seize their tools with enough assurance to build anything worthy of notice. Mary Hillard did — she used every gift that had come to her and built a structure which to this day shows to the world goodness and beauty and truth. The thing which Mary Hillard found in Waterbury was alive. But what was more, the times were filled with an aliveness such as Connecticut and the rest of the country had never seen before.

The war between the states had been settled to the liking and comfort of many of the states. The comfortableness of that period had a slowness and deliberateness which allowed certain people to acquire a smugness and contentment which fooled them. Underneath this complacency, almost around the corner there was an unrest which grew into a disturbance. New standards of living, new people with wealth, new ideas took hold of groups and crowds, new ways of using the results of science, swept into the experience of all Americans. A school made up of girls from many parts of the country was bound to be impressed and influenced by all this newness. The crudeness and brutality of democracy could no longer be whitewashed. More than laborers had immigrated to the United States. Ideas had come from the corners of Europe and Asia. Words have been used to picture the ferment of the '90s, a ferment which in the end became a revolution, words which paint the surface only. The "electric '90s," the "gay, moulting" years in the growth of the nation

are some of the ways in which these times are described. Life was "jazzed up." It all went deeper than any of these words convey. Mary Hillard, her teachers and her girls came from homes and towns where old ways, old ideas and old standards were in the process of decay. In a wider sense, the allegiance to political ideals, the thought about human relations, the discipline which had always been in religion and in the home, were questioned and thereby weakened. In the schools and colleges, no longer was the study of Greek and of Latin an essential to education. Schools and colleges to study science, machinery, trades, commerce, began to multiply. Underneath it all was something at the time almost "too deep for utterance," a resentment and an unhappiness on the part of hordes of men and women who began to believe that to live in a democracy meant that each man and each woman had something to say about it. There were reasons for the changes and the restlessness. No longer could men scratch the surface of the land and grow rich because no longer was there free land or free natural resources. It was this giving out of materials which resulted in attempts at conservation of forests and soil and minerals. The public also became aware of how the railroads had controlled the land, and how trusts and monopolies bade fair to do the same. Factory life, factory and mill towns were discovered to endanger the health and welfare of the workers. Some industries waxed rich because of the tariff. Wealth had acquired a reputation as a power in politics. There were no restrictions on immigration.

The movements and agitations of the '90s made men write books. Countless other men read these books. Henry George who believed in the single tax wrote "Progress and Poverty" which was read far and wide. Edward Bellamy wrote "Looking Backward" and helped on the belief in socialism. Another book which found many readers because of the discussion all over the country about gold and silver currency was called "Coin's Financial School" — written by W. H. Harvey and found for sale everywhere. For the most part the girls under Mary Hillard read none of these books but their fathers did and the people who envied these girls read the books. There were those who thought that the school was part of the system of business and politics which kept a lid on the possibilities which were in every girl in the community. Mary Hillard knew this and many of the things which she herself did and which she encouraged her girls to do was to let

other people see that St. Margaret's wanted to share in the work and dreams of American democracy.

There was a spectacle in the year in which Mary Hillard became the head of St. Margaret's School that illustrated the self-consciousness of the United States at that point in history. This spectacle was the World's Fair at Chicago to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. People of all colors, creeds, nationalities came to it from the ends of the earth. Exhibits of and by those peoples were brought to Chicago — not to New York, Boston or Philadelphia — but to Chicago. Art, science, religion, from all over the world met on the shore of Lake Michigan on a spot which not many decades before had been a log fort whence the white man dealt with the North American Indian. It was indeed a year in which to be young and on your way, in the midst of a movement westward, geographically, intellectually, socially. The Northwest was the child of New England. Many who lived west of the Hudson River remembered New England. Those who could afford it, sent their children back to New England to be educated. The climax seemed to come when Alexander Graham Bell completed the telephone circuit from New York to Chicago. Distance, time, history, seemed to be set aside by science.

There were elements in the scene which would seem grotesque were they not so small — the tandem bicycles, the women in bloomers, the wooden Indian before the tobacco shops, all to be seen on the streets of every town. In the barber shops was to be seen by the vulgar, the fathers and brothers, "The Police Gazette"; on the trains were "Puck" and "Judge"; in the stations and on the library table "Life" in which Charles Dana Gibson let the girls and boys of America see themselves. Frederic Remington's Indians and cowboys, E. W. Kemble's "coons," Maxfield Parrish's "Dream Boy," Howard Pyle's illustrations — were to be seen in many homes and in the rooms of schoolboys and schoolgirls. All of these things were a part of the decade and they were also parts of the vulgarity, the humor, the longing for beauty, which throbs through democracy.

There were influences at work, both foreign and native, which an educator of girls might welcome or shun. None of them could be avoided — not even in a convent. When a writer says of Mark Twain "in the '90s his characters were on every lip" — he simply didn't take into account how many people there were who read

something else beside the great Hartford humorist's works, nor did he quite take into consideration what a lot of people made up the public. There was much reading of books. The factory girls read Laura Jean Libbey and were thrilled to tears. Others read Anthony Hope and Rudyard Kipling and Paul Leicester Ford — and wondered where her own hero was to be found. But whether or not the literature of the day was good there was a great deal of it. Like all else that was going on it showed that the country which at the moment was alert in business and in science was very much awake in literature. It was truly American — not European nor New England. Dr. Clemens of Hartford had an unusual appeal. It is difficult to classify or to put into pigeonholes the work of such writers as Finley Peter Dunne, Mary S. Wilkins, Owen Wister, Thomas Nelson Page, Richard Harding Davis, S. Weir Mitchell, and Edith Wharton — save to say that they were Americans who were read by their fellow citizens. Along with this increase of writers and of readers came the beginnings of that movement in education which grew into the English Departments of all the colleges in the land. Educators became aware of the values in the study of English literature as never before.

On the stage the tradition of the past held. Sarah Bernhardt lived and acted. Ellen Terry and Henry Irving came from across the seas. Joseph Jefferson held his audiences spellbound. Mrs. Leslie Carter was in vogue. Maude Adams plus James M. Barrie made people laugh and cry. Denman Thompson, James O'Neil, and Chauncy Olcott furnished the melodrama. John Drew was at his best. There were minstrel shows to which thousands came night after night through the years — Primrose and West, Lew Dockstader — and, too, Caroline Miskell Hoyt attracted those interested in anatomy. Uncle Tom's Cabin had not been taken off the boards. George M. Cohan played in "Peck's Bad Boy." E. H. Sothern kept alive an interest in Shakespeare at popular prices — as did Richard Mansfield in a more extravagant style. DeWolf Hopper recited "Casey at the Bat" to the delight of pit and gallery. Victor Herbert and Reginald deKoven produced music for comedies which are still sung. Ysaye played his violin. Paderewski charmed with his playing and his personality. Melba, Calvi, Eames, Nordica, sang to thousands. Philip Sousa wrote marches and led his band. It was a decade filled with riches of every variety and to please everybody who wanted to be pleased. It might

well have been called the "singing decade" — tunes to which people danced, which they sang as they danced in school, in the ballroom, in country barns — among which were, "The sidewalks of New York"; "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night"; "Sweet Marie"; "My sweetheart's the Man in the Moon"; "And her golden hair was hanging down her back."

All of it touched upon Mary Hillard and her work — upon her teachers and upon her girls. The problem which she faced in the midst of the riches and opportunities of 1893 is summed up in one sentence by John Gade in his book on Cardinal Mercier — "Education to him was the process of imparting appreciation of the relative values in life." For Mary Hillard it was no easy job to impart an appreciation of "the relative values" of life to a lot of girls who had come to her from homes into which had entered all the influences and trends in American life. She too had to make choices. She knew that no one could stem the flood which seemed ready to sweep away all that, in New England at least, which seemed of value. With insight and wisdom she rode with the tide and steered her craft out into great waters.

There were other sides to the life of the principal of St. Margaret's School other than the charge of a boarding school of young women from all over the country. The day school and the kindergarten were as much her care as any part of the school's work. No group of women among those who were trained by Mary Hillard is more devoted to St. Margaret's School than that which came out of the homes of Waterbury and nearby towns. She used to rehearse the sayings of the children who began in the kindergarten to feel the influence of her leadership. One lad who lived near the school demanded that he and a pretty little girl share the same desk. The schoolroom was startled in a very few minutes by the same young man who commanded, "Take her away. She won't talk." One of the young mothers of the neighborhood of whom Mary Hillard was fond came to visit the class and brought her youngest son in the hope that he might want to stay in school with the other children. The young mother also brought the boy's dog. The animal was friendly and aroused the interest of every child in the room. They hugged him and patted him and sprawled on the floor with him. Either Mary Hillard or the kindergarten teacher asked them, "What has the dog that you haven't?" Answers came forth of various sorts, some of which were true and some of which were not. The youngster who owned

the dog finally capped the climax and in a tone of conclusiveness said, "He's got fleas."

It was not only in the children's classes where Mary Hillard was refreshed by a humor which spoke much for her ways of training and of her discipline. On an occasion when she was busy at her desk a maid rushed into her room. The principal raised her hand ever so slightly and the maid stopped. The maid moved forward and started to speak. The calm and dignity of the young woman at the desk were not disturbed as she said — "Sarah, you must not rush into the room in that way." There was silence for a moment — "Yes, Miss Hillard, but —" "Sarah, you must not interrupt me." "Yes, Miss Hillard — the school's on fire!"

It was with gentleness and tact that the girls were instructed in regard to young men. "When your guest arrives for the dance, be sure to introduce him to me." One girl did so with directness and simplicity. As they turned to leave their hostess — the girl turned back and whispered, "What shall I do with him now?"

And too, beside the teaching of young women and of children there was what may be called the business-end of school life. There was property, finances, bills to be paid, all of which is very much to the foreground in the minds of many in the community. Irving H. Chase, a member of a family which has made great enterprises in Waterbury and which is of the very backbone of the city's life is treasurer of St. Margaret's School. In a letter of 14 January 1941, Mr. Chase writes — "Miss Hillard was chosen as Principal and continued in control for a period ending June 11, 1894. At this time an agreement was entered into — to lease property and content of buildings to Miss Hillard — to be used for carrying on the Diocesan Girls' School as it had been carried on — on payment of a certain sum by her. The Corporation reserved the right of such general oversight as should be necessary to preserve its Diocesan character and its reputation as a school. Otherwise Miss Hillard was to have free control of the school. The contract called for the retention of Rev. Francis T. Russell as Rector of the School. Miss Hillard continued in control of the school until June 1907."

And so, three years after Dr. Russell had invited her to lead the school and in spite of the depression which had hit business, Mary Hillard went into business. That she did so was a relief to the board of trustees. Again Dr. Russell showed his knowledge of her character and his confidence in her ability. Many years

later the Waterbury American wrote — "Her reminiscences of that time were delightful, especially those concerned with struggling to pay salaries and make repairs. She said that she finally simplified it by using the school tuition for expenses during the year and borrowing from the bank at the end of the term to pay teachers salaries and to make repairs, Dr. Russell endorsing her notes."

It was that year of which Mr. Chase writes, the direction of Mary Hillard's life took a turn the end of which she never guessed. Then began a struggle which took all that she possessed of body, mind, and spirit until that day when she died nearly forty years later. She had reckoned on many things which were at her command, the building and its contents, the situation in a growing city, a group of girls whose devotion she had won, a faculty whose loyalty she had found, the confidence of the leaders in business in the community, Dr. Russell's faith, the backing with understanding and affection of a friend or two out of the past years, her own dream and hope and belief in God. She set out and never turned back.

Life for Mary Hillard was never a series of jumps from place to place, nor was it a lot of pieces of work which could be separated one from the other. Her whole life was lived within a small area. Plymouth, Farmington, Waterbury, are all within a few miles of each other. There was, however, a flow in the stream of this life, even though the tasks in Plymouth or in Waterbury had a sameness. At any rate in one respect this constancy showed itself in her touch with people. The description of Thomas Arnold by his son Matthew Arnold in the poem "Rugby Chapel" is in a marked degree a picture of Mary Hillard and her devotion to those with whom she came in touch.

"Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.
And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone;
Pure souls honour'd and blest
By former ages, who else —
Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see —

Seem'd but a dream of the heart,
Seem'd but a cry of desire.
Yes! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Not like the men of the crowd
Who all round me to-day
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous, and arid, and vile;
But souls temper'd with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind."

So, too, Mary Hillard brought along with her those with whom she grew up, those whom she loved and who loved her. Not oldest in years but in length of acquaintance was Lucy B. Pratt upon whom Mary Hillard called in South Glastonberry when Lucy was a day or two old. Years later, the new Principal of St. Margaret's School brought that little red-headed baby to the school to take charge of the kindergarten, later to become secretary of St. Margaret's and afterwards treasurer of Westover School, a friendship which lasted in and through the changes of sixty-five years. From Plymouth came Emma Kelsey who in her eightieth year wrote "I am much indebted to her for the pleasant years which I spent with her in connection with St. Margaret's School. — Mary was always a valuable member of our camping company, always willing to do her share of the work and furnishing much of the fun. There was one outstanding evening when we were all in laughter over her, when wearing a Mother Hubbard she played crazy and was intent on committing suicide. — While greeting many of Waterbury's select society at a reception at St. Margaret's, when she greeted me, she said, 'Oh, Emma, isn't this fun!' 'Yes,' I said, 'I was just thinking of your wearing the Mother Hubbard wrapper and trying to commit suicide on the bank of Bantam Lake.'"

Along into her life at St. Margaret's came two friends of the days at Farmington — two girls whose loyalty and devotion Mary Hillard appreciated and returned — Theodate Pope (now Mrs. John Wallace Riddle) and Grace Sercombe (now Mrs. Frederick W. Wallace). She gave much to these friends all through her life, much which they always recognized and appreciated but she would be the first to acknowledge how great was their gift to her of understanding, companionship, a bringing

her out into a world about which she knew little. "The relationship between Mary Hillard and Theodate Pope is a romance in itself."

So, it came about that the success and vitality of the hard work during the eighteen years in Waterbury was a mixture of the places and experiences and people of years gone by. It was all a piece — a stream which was to flow on and to gather power.

The head of a school has many things to do. As a matter of fact the head of a school is the only person in such an organization who has to face the world and almost always alone. The head is responsible. The tone of a school, in scholarship, in religion, in athletics, depends upon the quality of the head of the school. Mary Hillard knew this. She set to work and gathered around her a staff which caught her quality. It was in this that she exercised her knowledge of human nature — that knowledge which had accumulated from the days when she began to observe the people in her father's study. Teachers came and went; cooks, maids, men, came and went, but made their contribution and learned much. Some stayed and became, along with the head and with the girls, St. Margaret's School. They all learned that it was the school that counted — and too, that the school had an aim. To teach at St. Margaret's was more than a way to earn a living — more too than a chance to be sentimental about young girls, much more than to enjoy good company or the prestige of being one of a certain group in society. To teach meant to give oneself for a purpose. To teach at St. Margaret's meant this and more, it meant sacrifice. To be a teacher or a worker under Mary Hillard was an experience which demanded all that one had. She gave all that she possessed and that gave her the right to ask the same of her co-laborers.

Early in the time at St. Margaret's Mary Hillard chose young women to share her work, some of whom remained her partners to the end of her career. Her judgment was good. Her insight into character as well as her insight into the needs of the school was true. The fact that these women stayed through the years coupled with the success of the enterprise make sure how good her judgment and insight were — all of which was a compliment to them. The names of Robinson, White, Hawley, Sherwin, Scott, Griggs, Buckley, Lawton, Coer, Maltby, Baier, Bailey are among those which with Scott and LaMonte are of the very fabric of St. Margaret's School. No picture of Mary Hillard's

life and work would be complete without mention of the same way in which she found men and women to help in the school and in her private life — Julia, her maid for years, "my man Patrick," with many others whose life was entertwined with her own. The friendship and help which she gave to the clergy in Waterbury was of the same quality because she saw their worth and their future in the life of The Church.

There is a mine of material which might have given Mary Hillard much happiness had she lived to an old age and had cared to dream of the past — a state which is hard to imagine. This wealth of records is in the files of "The Magpie," a magazine which the girls published four times a year and in "Salamagundi," an annual which each year summed up the history of the school by means of photographs, lists of class officers and organizations, all of which largely clung to the class which graduated that June. Of course glimpses through the eyes and through the imagination of children are often out of focus. On the other hand their setting forth of events in the simplicity of the routine of school life gives a picture of the life of that big family and shows what these young women thought worthy to be recorded. Herein the girls have left bits of Mary Hillard's biography which open up to view not only the vitality of the school within walls as well as out-of-doors, but also gives a picture of that passion which mounted year by year in the growth of Mary Hillard's character. Herein are sentences and phrases which the writers labored to produce on time for the printers but which now appear as clear-cut etchings of a woman feeling her way into a great work.

A blizzard is remembered in the winter of 1898 — "Miss Hillard had Patrick light a fire in the reception room." That was half a century ago. The reception room is no more; nevertheless, the young woman as she flew down the stairs and through the halls, Patrick with an armful of wood and his "Yes, Miss Hillard," the match that almost went out, the wind that rattled through the wistaria at the windows, the warmth and light of a fire almost submerged in a white marble fireplace — what little things to have remembered but what it reveals in the woman shut up with a school full of girls in a New England blizzard. No wonder that here and there during the eighteen years in Waterbury there are items like — "April, 1899 — Miss Hillard has returned from Bermuda where she spent a vacation with Miss Pope, and we are glad to see her back again." The humanness, the humor and

family quality of the school's life, the understanding heart and mind of Mary Hillard breaks out of these pages of "The Magpie" and "Salamagundi" in such lines as — "1900 — On Tuesday May 1st, all work was put in the morning divisions, and in the afternoon Miss Hillard took about twenty girls to the circus."

"Miss Hillard announced to the delight of many of the girls, that all who wish may join the golf club."

"In the evening, Miss Hillard greatly added to the pleasure by giving a dance to which a few town girls, the town men, and some out-of-town friends were invited."

There is something of pathos, humor, girlishness, motherliness, youngsters feeling their way into the experiences of life, an older girl seeing the needs of younger girls, in these forgotten pages about "the circus," "the golf club," "the town men," and "some out-of-town friends." But right alongside of these items are *signs* that in the days when Mary Hillard took her girls to see the elephants, to eat peanuts and to drink pink lemonade under "the big top," she had a program whereby these young women were to be introduced to other sides of life which were as American as a circus. More than once, Woodrow Wilson (then of Princeton) came to St. Margaret's. On one occasion he spoke on "Patriotism" — again on "Self-government." Between these two engagements of Professor Wilson, the girls have recorded that "the Reverend Mr. Merrill of Oneida, Wisconsin, spoke on the Oneida Indians. A committee was elected to send them a Xmas box" — and that Bishop Hare of Dakota visited the school, a man of distinction both in appearance and in the fame which had come to his work among the Indians of his diocese. This mixture of dances, circuses, patriotism and government was no accident. It was a plan. The plan worked so well that the girls intended to remember the details of it in the years to come. Mary Hillard was alert to what was going on in the land. She knew what her students must face sooner or later in the communities where they would make their homes. She had no notion that St. Margaret's School was a shelter or a place in which to hide from reality. The glory of the World's Fair at Chicago could not hide the ugliness of the Pullman strike, "Mr. Dooley" had not spoken in vain, "Th' women an' children is dyin' iv hunger". And so, the general that she was, she summoned men and women out of American life to tell her girls what their job was to be in Ameri-

can life. It was culture, not with a capital C, but with a commonness which was of the fabric of the land in which the school lived. Note these items — terse, no comments —

"—— Professor Palmer lectured on the 'Work of a Teacher.'"

"Bliss Perry."

"Miss Hamilton, the secretary of the League for Working Girls, gave an interesting talk on that subject."

"John Graham Brooks on the Consumers League."

"Jane Adams (the spelling is the girls') on College Settlements."

The school calendar has many such notes all through the years when Mary Hillard was at the helm. It was a calendar balanced by the presence of the David Mannes String Quartette, Professor Copeland of Harvard, the Hampton Quartette, visits to New York to hear Lohengrin, and to New Haven to listen to the Kneisel Quartette, as well as teas and dances to which the boys from Taft School were asked. "The night before Easter, Miss Hillard read the life of Christ to the school."

Not only do the graduates of the school recall this education which Mary Hillard gave them but many thoughtful people in the city of Waterbury and in the nearby towns appreciate what this program through those eighteen years did for them. The music and the lectures were open to them. The long line of musicians and of speakers of note was woven into the life of the community so that it made the school an influence and a power for culture which cannot be measured. It was a matter of co-operation in which she and The Women's Club shared, as did Mr. Elton and Mr. Kingsbury and Mr. Whittemore.

As in Plymouth and as in all her life, while Mary Hillard lived at St. Margaret's School in Waterbury she kept in touch with "the neighbors" throughout the city. She never submerged her humanness, no matter how filled her life became. She, probably, could never have completed a list of the men and women in the community who looked on her as a friend. It was more than a business relationship because in all her dealings with people she was personal. She knew them and she let them know that she knew them. She had lived too long at the very heart of a small town, and the parsonage, to be able to avoid all the heartbreaks, the successes, the worries, the aspirations, the babies, the sickness, the poverty, of men and women whom she met.

There were forces or influences at work in the education of Mary Hillard besides her experience at the head of a girls' school

and besides her many contacts in the world beyond the school. A casual observer might have seen only the successful headmistress, the position which she and her school had taken in the life of the community, the devotion of her friends. But behind the dignity of her bearing and the serenity of her countenance were cares, even grief which only those who were deep in her confidence knew. She had inherited from her father the quality of a pastor, the cure of souls, and from her mother she had inherited a high quality of motherliness. Her mind could not shut itself to what was going on in the life of her father and mother, her brothers and her sisters. Their cares and anxieties and illnesses became her burden. Nothing, save the founding of Westover School, ever demanded or received such love and understanding as the young brother who was born when Mary Hillard was fifteen years old. She watched over and directed his education. She planned for him and for his friends. She took pride in the beginnings of his career. Then in his twenty-sixth year she saw him die. The world little knew the influence which John Hillard's life and death had upon his sister Mary. This occurred in 1903 when St. Margaret's School had taken a position to be noticed among the schools of the land.

When Mary Hillard took up her life in Waterbury she was 29 years old. She was slender. There was a dignity about her carriage which almost amounted to solemnity in those days, something which seemed a bit assumed by one who knew that her position in the community was under observation. Her clothes were such as the intellectual women of the day affected. There was an air of austerity mingled with something athletic. The shirtwaist with a collar and bow tie, the longish skirt, the absence of anything colorful, the modest hat, gloves, all bespoke restraint. No wonder the boys and young men of the city stood in awe of her. The townspeople and tradesmen found that she was direct, businesslike and that she knew what she wanted. She won their respect because she had no time to waste. They welcomed this young woman with her dignity into their homes and in their shops because she seemed to know what they were like behind their veneer and their Yankee ways.

Twenty-five years later it would be difficult to recognize at Westover School that slender maiden lady who used to walk so hurriedly on her errands through the streets of Waterbury. She was no longer slender and her manner no longer had that about it

that would indicate that she was being observed by the small city folk. A graciousness had come into her dignity, a charm and winsomeness into her bearing. Instead of any hurry in her walk there was power and balance, at times she seemed to sweep along through the corridor or across Red Hall as if without effort. The solemnity had gone out of her face and in its place a tenderness which often assumed a look of motherliness. Her clothes were full of color and style. People stopped to watch her. Their eyes followed her. With the years she had acquired poise and charm and color.

The relationship with Dr. Russell was something which Mary Hillard allowed the public to see in 1910 when Dr. Russell died. She wrote to the Editor of the Waterbury American a letter in which she quoted from the precious and intimate epistles which Dr. Russell had written to her. These glimpses of him reveal both of them.

"At rare intervals in human experience there come from time to time visions of old age 'like as a shock of corn,' so mellow, so vital, so living, so normal, and so in touch with the intangible and the unseen, while still clothed upon with the garment of the flesh, that all of life receives thereby interpretation and benediction. Such an experience of benediction and blessing is now touching many hearts in this city as a last beautiful contribution and gift of one in whose generous heart love knew no measure, and to whose obedient will the tread of the Angel of Death was heard but as 'soft footfalls walking to and fro to be his valentine.'

"We feel strong, we feel alive, we feel full of life, we see a prospect before us for which it is worth while to work, even with much labor' — these words came irresistibly to mind as I turn to a letter of last April from Dr. Russell. 'I purpose to take a room in the vicinity just by way of showing I have come to stay, and I have planned to be chaplain at the old desk, and perhaps to take a single daily recitation in English literature for a few weeks before being driven South again in search of the equator. I do not know just what condition the constructive and varying airs of the North may place me in vocally, but command me in any way and every way and I will do my best.' It is easy after these words from one eighty-one years old to finish the rest of my quotation. — 'For the past portion of our lives is but small in comparison of that which probably remains to us. It is most true! The past years of our life are absolutely beyond proportion small in comparison with those which certainly remain to us.'

"In his introduction to Plato's 'Phaedo,' Dr. Jowett writes of our conception of life beyond the valley of the shadow of death in that

language of ideas in which alone we can speak of the soul when this earthly tabernacle is dissolved.

"First of all there is the thought of rest and freedom from pain; they have gone home, as the common saying is, and the cares of this world touch them no more. Secondly, we may imagine them as they were at their best and brightest, humbly fulfilling their daily round of duties — selfless, childlike, unaffected by the world; when the eye was single and the whole body seemed to be full of light; when the mind was clear and saw into the purposes of God. Thirdly, we may think of them as possessed by a great love of God and man, working out His will at a further stage in the heavenly pilgrimage. Fourthly, there may have been some moments in our own lives when we have risen above ourselves, or been conscious of our truer selves, in which the will of God has superseded our wills, and we have entered into communion with Him. These precious moments, if we have ever known them, are the nearest approach which we can make to the idea of immortality.' Such a conception, to those who knew Dr. Russell intimately, will seem only an unbroken perfected continuation of an experience of life surely for him little interrupted or disturbed by the passing experience of putting off the garment of the flesh and the putting on of immortality.

"It may not be amiss to set down an extract from a letter of his dated October second, 1909:

"'Like the birds of the North, I must begin to plume my wings for a southern flight. My doctor is anxious to drive me away before the cold weather can seize upon me. In the course of two or three weeks, at most, I shall expect to make St. Petersburg home once more for several months, with my sister to aid and abet. If it were my own choice I were going to Florida, I might enjoy it more; but being compelled to go is altogether another matter. There is very little prospect I imagine, of my being physically or mentally fitted for much in the line of any kind of work. If I were inclined to be superstitious, I should seriously lay to heart the fact that I have lost the seventh and last volume of Shakespeare's plays of the copy given me by the Shakespearean Circle in '49. It contains "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Othello." Like the other books of the set (the plates of the edition were destroyed by fire many years ago) the text was marked and expurgated with my own notes for use relating to many things which I could not recall or replace and the clock-work stops there and all is silence and oblivion and an obvious end. The book deserted me on my way up from the South, and no other copy could possibly take its place. Is not this a very ominous symbol that the tuneful lyre is unstrung and that as the book has retired, so the reader had better retire, also, and say thankfully, "This is the end." I am still not myself, consequently I am

somebody else and I presume I must wait long for a return to myself; and if that is not to be, then shall I hope to find myself a better self than I ever was or could be in this passing world.'

"In a last letter dated December thirteenth, 1909, are written these words: 'I call to you with heart and voice from my sea level. I report myself as gaining gradually day by day in looking backward in search for the lost health which once was mine. My physician said the other day that I was "normal" again. Yes, perhaps so, normal for 81. Well, what matters it? If I can find unimpaired my heartfelt interest in the present passing hours, and hold to my hope for the great future what else do I need? And fond memories I have. Do not give precious time to answering my letter. I know what you would say. One characteristic of true friendship is that it does not require many recorded words.'

"Released from Time, we pray
God keep him
And a last farewell."

"Unto him Paradise is opened, the tree of life planted and Rest is allowed.

"These are they that have put off the mortal clothing, and put on the immortal, and have confessed the name of God; now are they crowned and receive palms.

M. R. H.

"Middlebury, Feb. eighteenth, 1910."

Mary Hillard made St. Margaret's into a great school and in that way she grew into a great woman, even at thirty-seven she had become a woman of heroic proportions. And then —

"He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more
of doubting,
For mist and the blowing of winds and the
mouthing of words he scorns;
Not the sinuous speech of schools he hears,
but a knightly shouting,
And never comes darkness down, yet he greeteth
a million morns."

Westover School and Its Spirit

In Mrs. Cunningham Graham's Life of Saint Teresa she draws with a few words a picture of the quality of spirit which fired that saint of Avila — "When, serene and unmoved, she meets unflinchingly persecution and bitter antagonisms." Saint Teresa herself in those pages which reveal the grandeur and dignity of her mind, writes —"'My soul is then so mistress of itself that it seems that it is in its kingdom, and has everything under its feet." Mrs. Graham might well have written these words to describe the founder of Westover School. There was in the Spanish Saint and in the Connecticut school mistress a depth of passion and a strength of purpose which rose above those limitations which stop the work and dreams of ordinary men and women. A friend of whose devotion and admiration for half a century can leave no doubt as to her affection for Mary Hillard said "Miss Hillard was handsomest when she was angry." She did not refer to any superficial or casual thing but to that passion which stirred Mary Hillard when she felt that those around did not see what she saw. A young father whose daughter had just graduated from Westover School remarked that what made the school different from the run of schools was the passion with which Mary Hillard had conceived and had brought the school into being.

This strength in the school which was the strength in Mary Hillard's spirit was recognized by others beyond the circle of her friends and of her students' parents. The Headmistresses Association of the East at its meeting in November of 1932 in a resolution unanimously adopted these words "Miss Hillard as founder and headmistress of Westover School at Middlebury, Connecticut, will long be remembered for her leadership of an educational institution holding a distinctive objective in cultural values of a

high order, with its emphasis on character building for the development of international understanding and good will among boys and girls of secondary school age through the organization of the Secondary School Society for International Cooperation and by the many friends the world over who have benefited by her helpfulness and friendship extended in the spirit of Christian cooperation." The Association in these words has made record of the fact that it had grasped the sweep and outlook of Mary Hillard's hope for the boys and girls of American schools.

Westover School was not something which came into being all of a sudden. Mary Hillard's ancestry, family, education and the positions which she had held, all were part of a training and of an enlightening which preceded that moment when Westover School became a fact. The girl who taught school in the village of Plymouth, the young woman who helped Miss Porter at Farmington from 1885 to 1891, the more mature woman who came to relieve Dr. Russell at St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, in 1891, who was the principal of St. Margaret's School from 1891 until 1909, all through these years was herself a student. No one can look at the eyes which are in every picture of Mary Hillard without realizing that she was a dreamer, that she saw beyond the moment, that plans were in the making deep within. Everything that she had done in the past and the way in which life had touched her on many sides, was a preparation and a getting ready for the founding of Westover School. This preparation may have made the vision of a new school but it did not make the agony of bringing it to pass any easier.

The work which Dr. Russell and his wife had done in the building up of St. Margaret's School gave Mary Hillard a stairway on which to climb toward the development and climax of her career. From 1891 onward, with the tradition and equipment which St. Margaret's School possessed, she made it constantly a better school, one which increased in reputation and to which many more parents wanted to send their daughters than the building could hold. It became clear that St. Margaret's not only needed new equipment, but room for expansion, a location where there could be room for freedom. The streets of a manufacturing city and even a respectable but crowded residential section of the city were not the surroundings for such a school as St. Margaret's had become. The dream became almost a necessity. The decision to move and to build was made. But it was found that St. Mar-

garet's must remain in the city. Mr. John P. Elton writes "Miss Hillard decided, as you know, that the center of Waterbury was not the right place for the school and wanted to move. She ran against the indenture that St. Margaret's School must be located in the limits of the town or the city of Waterbury so she broke off and started Westover at Middlebury." It is a simple statement of fact but only those who were with Mary Hillard at the time know what conversations and conferences went on until the final decision was made. Mr. Frederick J. Kingsbury and Mr. James S. Elton, Mr. W. H. Whittemore of Naugatuck, Mr. Alfred Atmore Pope of Cleveland, the women who had worked with her for years in the upbuilding of St. Margaret's, and to the Reverend John N. Lewis, Rector of St. John's Church, were all party to conversations and to the plans which at length came to a head and which resulted in the new school. It took more than dreaming and talk. It took courage, faith, patience, much hard work and money. They were a group of women and men who possessed these requisites. With the exception of Miss Pratt and Miss LaMonte and Mrs. Riddle, all of those who shared in the plans and who went through the throes of the creation of the new school have passed on. However, they saw her dream come true and reach success. The serenity with which the façade of Westover School faces The Green in Middlebury gives little indication that behind it is a school full of girls — no more than does that same serenity show anything of what it cost Mary Hillard to bring to pass so high and so excellent a dream.

In order to understand the travail through which Mary Hillard went when she brought forth Westover School one needs to read what she wrote about an English school and certain schoolmasters. Because she knew the labor and pain which had builded schools she was able to say — "When centuries ago Winchester College, the first of those great public schools of England which have given untold riches to the world, was founded by William of Wykeham as a new experiment in education, he was on fire for the welfare of England and the betterment of youth. When the school was firmly established the Head Master of that time, to whom it must have become strangely clear, consented to leave it in order to establish 'The King's College of our Lady of Eton beside Windsor.' Less than a century later the Provost of that Eton College left his boys and school and congenial surroundings and went to the bleak, remote hills of the West Riding of York-

shire to found there the public school for boys that has become the great Sedbergh School. It is not strange that the self-sacrifice and selflessness of these men left such mark of greatness upon each of their schools that for more than five hundred years each has sent out Englishmen, inspired by the Spirit of the School, to make the influence of their strength and high-mindedness felt throughout the world."

Mary Hillard knew whereof she spoke when she quoted these words — from the War Memorial at Winchester — "Thanks be to God for the services of these five hundred Wykehamists who were found faithful unto death amid the manifold chances of the Great War. In the day of battle they forgot not their God, who created them to do His will, nor their country, the stronghold of freedom, nor their school, the mother of godliness and discipline. Strong in this threefold faith they went forth from home and kindred to the battle-field of the world, and treading in the path of duty and sacrifice laid down their lives for mankind. Thou, therefore, for whom they died, seek not thine own, but serve as they served, and in peace or war bear thyself as Christ's soldier, gentle in all things, valiant in action, steadfast in adversity."

Mary Hillard asserted no new theory of what a true school is. She did, however, re-create a new school which expressed with the newness of her own charm and graciousness what she observed had gone into the making of a true school. Her own comment on the war memorial at Winchester re-affirms her creed — "In these words is crystallized the spirit of Winchester, born of the founders and sustained and kept living throughout five centuries of time by its constant re-expression in individual lives of members of the school, and by this re-expression strengthened and deepened."

In tune with the times, Mary Hillard did much to break down barriers which sometimes have existed between students and teachers. She believed that in order to maintain the atmosphere in a school which would lead out the best in both older and younger members of the community that all should recognize that everyone was a student. Like every schoolman and schoolwoman she was sensitive to the reaction of one group upon another and she watched with almost breathlessness the influence of older girls upon the younger. She saw — "There is a companionship inspiring to all. In this harmony, sense of individual responsibility develops. Older students spontaneously take the task

of initiating younger students into understanding of the School Spirit and of loyalty to it." And so, as if to illustrate her theory, in short order Miss Hillard gave to the world a school into which she set teachers, classes, organizations, all in all, a picture of the harmony of which she writes.

Therefore, what the founder of Westover School has written and what she has allowed to be set in type as to what goes into the spirit of a school, she might well have called the heart of a school, or even to have called it "a school." These words which she has written were more than abstractions. They rather were the symbols of what she had brought to pass — a wealth of material and of activity which to-day is taken for granted, the gathering of a corporation, the finding of a staff of teachers and of servants, the arrangement of courses of study, the finding of students — all of which were welded into a family and out of which as quickly came expressions of community life shared in by older and younger members, for example, a magazine called "The Lantern," a group to carry out the generosity of the school, the Dorcas Society, and the Glee Club [Dramatic Club, Debating Club, Le Cercle Français, German Club, Art Club], Athletic Association, as well as a Year Book Board and the Mary Hillard Society.

There is yet something of a climax which Mary Hillard always insisted or took for granted was the acme or crown of life and spirit of a school. She often spoke to her girls about spiritual realities — perhaps at the moment not quite understood by them but for which afterwards, years later, they thanked her — truth, honor, love, selflessness, courage, patience, justice, mercy. She writes of these everlasting qualities — "Loyalty to them demands the putting forth, to the utmost, powers of resolution and exercise of will. It draws upon every resource of the being until life's end. . . . The right spirit in a school exists in the degree in which this loyalty is achieved. . . . Filled by it, the student in the midst of his visible active outward life enters into 'real existence.' There these enduring verities have their habitation. Thence they shine into mortal life 'to quicken, quell, irradiate and through ruinous floods uplift.'" From these qualities which Mary Hillard sees as the parts of School Spirit she moves on with ease into her expression of the closeness of religion to life, especially to the life of a good school. She asserts that "true School spirit is not a theory. It is an existing condition in schools inspired and dominated by religion. Such schools differ in detail of life. Funda-

mentally they are similar and their results in education are the same. They are the same because in such schools the immortal part of man is fed and nurtured. I do not say in schools dominated by true religion. Religion is religion or it is not. I speak of schools inspired and dominated by religion."

Her mysticism is not merely an emotion. Like the great mystics she uses her head and her capacity to reason or to argue with herself. Like Santa Teresa of Avila she does not intend to fool herself by wishful thinking. "Life to be lived aright must have its contacts with reality. If in the world of sense we accept as actual that which our eyes report to consciousness, in the world of spiritual values we must accept as actual what has been revealed to consciousness in man's hours of inspiration and genius. There is no other way. Reports of sense regarding phenomena in the material world often prove wrong. This does not invalidate the greater number of times that they are right. Man in his hours of inward vision makes mistakes. This does not invalidate the greater number of times that he sees right. In each case the great residuum is a true report. We cannot ignore the content of this residuum and live safely and abundantly either in life of the body or of the spirit." So great was her belief that School Spirit had power to mold, Mary Hillard wrote "to so love the Lord her God means nothing more than the continuance of what is already the dominating motive and emotion in her life. Her problem away from school will be only to exercise the same loyalties in new environments and new adjustments. That is all."

When Miss Hillard said "that is all" there was a look in her eye and a note in her voice which made the girls remember the earlier word in the paragraph — "problem." To have said "that is all" and "means nothing more" Mary Hillard did not intend for one moment to lessen the depth and incisiveness of the philosophy of life which lies behind her thought about religion in the school and throughout life. She herself had been through the problems which multiplied as life went on. She knew from bitter experience that the complications of life and all the implications of a trust in the fruits of the spirit presented riddles and conundrums which could only be endured by a faith which rested on the goodness of God and also upon His awfulness. But probably few girls, even out of those who knew best her aims, were ever really able to carry out the thought contained in this sentence — "That dim apprehension of His love and power of guidance

known to her childhood days then changes to a vividness of illumination." It is a pity that there are extant no further words or writings which might indicate that Mary Hillard along with other great and mystical women may have at times enjoyed or had been stricken by something which approached a "vividness of illumination." Her sanity and her New England common sense might well have led her to mistrust any such clarity of a message from God Eternal as "vividness of illumination" suggests. Nevertheless it was the awareness of a spiritual quality in man and of an aspiration toward God which made her different from many and which gave a tone to her school, to her friendships, to her love, to her looking forward to a completion of life "by and by."

One of her "old girls" saw this point of view in her teacher and wrote — "I was so impressed by Mary Hillard's firm belief in the future life. She believed so firmly in 'the power of an endless life' that it gave worth and value to this life. Once, in a time of great stress (for her) she said to me, 'The only explanation of this life and the hard things we are called on to bear, is that it is a training-ground for a much better and fuller life. I feel that the discipline we receive here is developing our characters and purifying our souls for all eternity.' . . . The next life was so real to her that unfinished work in this world was unimportant for we could finish it in the next where time and clocks had ceased to be."

The theory of education which was back of the founding of Westover School was shot through with this quality of spirituality. The business end of school, teaching and being taught, good manners, the practice of charity and of neighborliness, and all the other phases of the school life were suffused with an awareness of the unseen. It was a dream come true but behind this dream were the fruits of the spirit which she saw in God in Jesus.

Just as Mary Hillard's father and mother read Horace Bushnell on "Christian Nurture," so too did she try to find ways to make religion a reality to all the girls who came near her. And too — just as it was difficult for her parents to cull what seemed best from their background to pass on to their children so did their daughter discover obstacles which cropped up constantly in her methods to give her girls opportunity to express their souls. At St. Margaret's School she came into The Church atmosphere which Dr. Russell had begun: also with St. John's Church and

Dr. Rowland. Then too every morning in the schoolroom the work day began with Morning Prayer read by the Rector or a curate. Mary Hillard saw the value of this and of the way in which the services in the "Book of Common Prayer" fitted the routine of school life. The lectern was throughout each day as evident a part of school life as was the maps, the dictionary, and the globe which crowded the schoolroom platform.

When Mary Hillard dreamed her dream of Westover School, the chapel was at the center of it — and so when the buildings were built, the chapel became the spot which is the symbol for what the school stands. It is just big enough to contain the school and a few visitors. At one end is the altar, the sanctuary, on one side a vesting room and on the other the organ. At the other end, up under the eaves, a small gallery. Chairs enough and more to hold the school fill the floor. The windows are of clear glass, small, leaded panes in gothic frames — through which the trees and the sky can be seen. The roodscreen which is really the altar-rail allows five people to kneel together. The chapel is as clear cut as a gem. There is more to it than seems. Prayer does something to a building. Here is simplicity, beauty, austerity, mysticism; here is music, prayers, aspiration, dreams from the centuries to meet the thought and emotion of the moment. The deep places in human beings become almost visible in such a place — "Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice." Here were marriages, baptisms, funerals, memorial services, confirmations, the Holy Communion — in which relatives, friends, villagers, servants, visitors, all shared. Here upon the altar were reverently placed alms, flowers, linen, by generous and sensitive hands. Here, too, were hung garlands and wreaths at Christmas, lilies at Easter and chrysanthemums at All Saints. Every Sunday evening the 23rd Psalm was sung to Mendelssohn's arrangement. The prayers, the lessons, the hymns, were chosen with care and deliberateness — no word or note but what had been prepared beforehand.

Mary Hillard watched constantly to find ways in which to enrich the quality of life within her schools. She knew what such an enrichment could mean within the families of the women who went out into the world. She had not been long at St. Margaret's School when the students made note, "there have been one or two new features introduced into our school regime. Firstly, Miss Hillard now reads aloud every evening to the girls who do

not attend the evening study hour; and secondly, a service is held regularly in the schoolroom Sunday evening by Dr. Rowland." Four years later, this word appears in the records kept by the girls — "the night before Easter, Miss Hillard read the life of Christ to the school." She did not delegate this to anyone else. It was her own contribution in a very personal way. Every girl, under the same leadership, learned by heart St. Paul's hymn of Love — "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am nothing." When Westover School became a reality, it was possible to attempt to make Sunday a day "of rest and gladness." The attempt came close to what the Sabbath was intended to be. The principal had for years been concerned over the way in which the day suffered from influences outside and beyond the atmosphere of the school. It had become a day when visitors descended upon the girls and upon the faculty — a day when parents came down upon the head of the school. The day had lost the repose and the refreshment which it could have had. For the protection of all within the school a rule was made that on Sunday there were to be no visitors. It was not as harsh as it sounds because girls were allowed to go to church (St. John's) in Waterbury and to lunch with their parents in that city and to be back at school for the service at evening in the chapel. The rule took courage and patience but it brought about a peace at the school which everyone appreciated.

Of course, there were reactions to the ways in which Mary Hillard planned the religious exercises of her schools. The girls at the moment did not always see the value in these rules which their principal saw. Some of them came from families in which there was little or no interest in The Church and in which there was no effort at religious education. Because of this fact, Mary Hillard's childhood training filtered down into places far from her Connecticut home and into homes clear across the continent. One young woman still thinks of Sunday at Westover as having one advantage — an opportunity to rest. She remarks — "Sundays were awful because of the long Bible reading to which the girls had to listen." Her reaction, however, was not the common one. Most of the girls enjoyed it while they were in school and later in life expressed their gratitude for the enrichment of soul which this training gave them and their families. It was something which classes were glad to remember as this

note shows, "Miss Hillard read the chapter from Corinthians in Bible class as she always does the first Sunday." In all this side of the school life she was not only encouraged but helped by Dr. Lewis, Rector of St. John's Church, who was as well Rector of St. Margaret's School and Westover School. Mary Hillard in turn gladly accepted his tireless work in church and school services and in the preparation of girls for baptism and confirmation. These two great characters grew into a partnership whose whole purpose was the growth of these young women in "the fear and admonition of the Lord." Through a period of years Mary Hillard's girls associate her with Dr. Lewis and the chapel.

It is evident how Mary Hillard's hope about the chapel passed forward into reality by the many references which have been left in "The Lantern." The first such reminder is on 23 October 1909, "Dedication of Chapel," and very soon those occasions began which down through the years not only gave Mary Hillard much happiness but which also served to deepen the significance of the Chapel in the life of the school — "29 January 1910 — Thomas Steel Hart baptized in chapel by Mr. Lewis." "6 March, confirmation, Bishop Brewster." "30 October — Miss Hillard's three nephews baptized." "1 November — All Saints Day Service." — 1914 "Visitors Day — Morning Prayer in Chapel." "1917 — 13 October, Military Service — Dedication of Flag. Henry G. Anderson, M. D. set apart for War Service." "1919 — 8 January, Roosevelt Memorial Service. 20 April, Easter Service War Memorial." "1932, 11 October, Memorial Service for Mary R. Hillard."

The way in which The Chapel grew into the life of the school was one of Mary Hillard's happiest experiences. The manner in which the girls look back on it is filled with humor, youthfulness, and humanness — "Some of us are still striving to learn how to march into chapel in spite of numerous life-like illustrations by Miss Hillard." "There is going to be a chapel service this year every other Sunday, for the maids. The choir also attends and I have heard that the singing is better than our own." "On All Saints' Eve, Miss Hillard gave us a wonderful talk in the chapel. I am sure that every girl went to bed that night with an entirely different idea of things than she had ever had before." "Miss Hillard read the Thanksgiving Day Proclamation in chapel." "One of the new girls destroyed a tradition of the school the other

night, when she was coming out of chapel, by saying, 'Amen,' instead of 'Good night' to Miss Hillard."

There are two words which give a picture of Mary Hillard's thought or theory of education. These words are "constant re-emergence." They appear in the first paragraph of the essay which appeared with her signature in the volume entitled "Education of the Modern Girl" published by Houghton Mifflin Company in 1929. The essay is one of eight and is called "The Spirit of The School and Religion." The other seven chapters were contributed by women who stood out as leaders in the world of education at that time. Dr. Mabelle B. Blake wrote the chapter called "Home Influences," Miss Caroline Ruutz-Rees on "Academic Influences," Miss Jessie Hewitt on "Athletic Influences," Miss Dorothy Waldo on "College or Not," Mrs. Lucy Madeira Wing on "The Future Trend of The Private School," Miss Mary A. Elcock on "The Influences of Summer Camps," and Miss Frances Lee on "Partners All." That Miss Hillard should be asked to write about school spirit and religion is significant and fortunate because it saves for all time what she saw her work to be. And so these two words "constant re-emergence" are almost the first from her pen as she writes on a theme which in her experience was the core of school life. Right on the heels of those two words come other words which paint the picture in her mind, "freshness," "novelty," "discovery," "sensitiveness."

Of these words, "constant re-emergence" unveil the creativeness of Miss Hillard's mind. "To those spending a lifetime in the service of education, the most fascinating aspect of the work with the young is the constant re-emergence, with a freshness and novelty like that of a new discovery, of the sensitiveness of youth to 'real existence, colorless, formless, intangible, visible only to the intelligence that sits at the helm of the soul.' The need of youth is to find and experience this existence." No words or ideas could more aptly introduce a chapter on spirit and religion. The whole paragraph combines the mysticism and practicalness, the modernness and the antiquity of her thinking. Like the thoroughly educated woman she was, this leader of youth brings to bear on the girls of the twentieth century the thought of an educator of youth of many centuries ago.

Two ideas come out very clearly in this sentence or so with which Mary Hillard introduces her essay. She faces two chal-

lenges and two dangers which come into the life of teachers, two hazards which have the power to wreck the value and the joy of a teacher's life-work. Teachers and schools need to remember and to be reminded that their labor is a constant because they deal, each year, year in and year out, with the same age and the same degree of development. Teachers and schools may grow intellectually and physically but each new lot of students is at the same stage of growth as the last. Also, those who are happy enough to be in charge of young people need to be awakened again and again to the fact that their opportunity is to release and to train what Mary Hillard speaks of in this sentence, "The need of youth is to find and experience this existence."

Like every teacher and parent who watches the tools and materials with which he works, Mary Hillard saw that each student possesses gifts of great preciousness — "he is part of a universe of spiritual values." Therein lay the educator's chance to do something of worth for the child and for society. She also observed these children started life with gifts and with endowments which instinctively allowed them to turn toward goodness and beauty and truth, which naturally led them to worship and to adore the Source of "spiritual values." She knew that here was not only the school's opportunity but also its capacity to stumble. She had not lived close to people all her life for nothing. Mary Hillard knew how easily a sense of beauty in any form could be deformed or killed. She had too often seen women who had lost or dwarfed these elemental endowments. In her place as parent, teacher, friend, she suffered when she had to pick up the pieces and wreckage which comes to every school from the parents and schools whose work had been not merely careless but dishonest — even in such evident ways as arithmetic and grammar. Mary Hillard is picturesque and almost dramatic as she remarks — "He walks into our schools sensitive of soul, clear of vision, possessed of power

> 'To spell the letters of the sky and read
> A reflex upon earth else meaningless.'"

The founder of Westover School carried this point of view as a burden upon her soul and mind, so much so that she stresses it in no uncertainty — "The school may develop and strengthen this power and fuse it into a tempered steel that later shall enable him to resist the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride

of life. Or the school may betray him in greater or less degree and destroy or deeply mar these precious possessions entrusted to it for nurture." As every teacher worthy of the name knows, there are schools which have lost their way. No one knew better than Miss Hillard with what labor many a child has been rescued from the damage inflicted by workmanship in schools wherein was a standard little short of dishonesty. She also knew how often parents failed to see or to understand not alone the slovenliness of schools to which they had entrusted their children but likewise had no notion of their own lack of standards of education for their boys and girls.

Like the artist and the artisan, the founder of Westover School recognized the tools with which schools and teachers, as well too as parents, could bring to pass their hope to lead youth out into a life filled with life. She had gathered qualities from her experiences that compelled her to grasp tools and to use them. Of one such instrument she wrote these words "the character and quality of that powerful influence, the Spirit of the School." To few has it ever been given to create a school which possesses this not to be seen thing called spirit and to do it so deliberately. Nothing shows the calibre of Mary Hillard so much as the fact that she bought land, built a building, gathered a faculty, founded a board of directors, summoned her students, and welded them all into a unit with a not to be misunderstood school spirit.

Added to the making of this spirit which held the girls, the faculty, the employees, the directors of the school together from the beginning was the weaving into the warp and woof of the school's life big and little events which became customs. Here it was that Mary Hillard with her teachers and friends used the experience of the years at St. Margaret's, at Miss Porter's, at Abbott Academy, and made customs which still go on and which still mould each generation of girls that comes to Westover. She had a sensitiveness to the possibilities for good and for evil — a watchfulness which she has recorded in her remembering how her girls would remark "But this was done last year" and goes on to write "But this was done last year is a sufficiently strong argument for labeling as injustice any change of custom unless it can be shown that the custom is in some way harmful to that precious thing, School Spirit."

It was in just this sort of thing that Miss Hillard laid bare her mind and her vision. The more one reads and the further one

studies this mind and this dream the more does one find her appreciation of what goes on in youth. "It is therefore of importance that school customs handed down from year to year be full of significance." She had learned what a home or school can do to and for youth. From bitter experience she knew that to do a thing merely by rote was not enough. There must be meaning in family prayers. There must be significance and gentleness in the home as well must there be meaning in the simplicities and the courtesies within the walls of a school. It is one thing to see this truth but to see it and to create it so that teachers and students come along and share in the making of it is a mark of genius. Parents and visitors might well exclaim over the beauty of the routine of the school life and never guess how great carefulness had gone into bringing that routine to pass and never see why year by year every detail is carried out to the letter. Miss Hillard not only saw that a habit in a group might be pleasant to carry on but she got down under any such notion and went to the bottom of why it was worth while. She wrote — "When that sentiment is sincere and true, the custom will become a channel through which the emotion may renew itself, deepening and enriching both the individual and the school."

It is something to ponder, something over which to wonder, the passion and farsightedness which Mary Hillard put into the creation of Westover School. How she was able to live so long as she did after she had put her dream into action is a marvel. It must be that the sincerity and the truth about which she wrote were the qualities whereby she herself found renewal, deepening and enrichment. How her own words pile up and make a picture of her life and thought — "In this maintenance of school customs care of detail and dignity of execution are of great worth." The secret of the making of the school and of its success are in the words — "care of detail and dignity of execution." It was this approach to her work that was on occasion, misunderstood by the girls themselves when they first came to school. The youngsters only saw the head of the school giving time and labor to what seemed to them over-nice details and they called it showmanship. Little did they realize that when they would bring their own daughters to Westover that they would be fearsome lest some detail might have been changed or omitted in their absence. As a matter of fact it was not only the attention to customs and habits to which Mary Hillard gave time and energy. At the time

of its inception and for many years throughout the whole establishment, she spent herself to make every part of it complete. On her desk in the colorful sitting-room of her house was a list of things to be done, people to see, picnics to be planned, letters to write, a picture to be visited, a list that never came to an end because it was added to, day by day through the years. "Care of detail and dignity of execution" went into every part of her own life and of the school.

There is a sentence which Mary Hillard wrote that shows the depth and width of her own education which came to her by way of home, school, and reading. It reveals something of the "growing-pains" from which she had suffered. "For release from self-consciousness and for the merging of self into a larger and more generous consciousness, nothing is more helpful in school, as in the larger life of the world, than participation in what may be called a kind of ritual of life, ever varying, yet ever partaking of the same general characteristics of efficiency and dignity of execution, perfection of detail, and appropriateness to time and occasion." Mary Hillard carries this idea further and lets her aim be made quite clear as she watched her school take hold of the girls who came to her from all over the country. It is an idea which is as old as philosophy itself but which always works because it is true. "When the success of an activity or spectacle becomes dependent, not upon any individual, but upon the sinking of individuality into the larger rhythmic whole, there results release of spirit as well as creation of beauty for its own sake."

The dream in that last phrase became more than a dream. It grew into a policy and a plan. To be sure, like the "best laid plans of mice and men," the success of such a policy varied with the material at hand. Just as individuals differ in their gifts of mind and of emotion, so too, groups of girls, classes in school, vary in interests and in endowments, to say nothing of variations of quality. Nevertheless, Mary Hillard put the vision into words and put the dream to work. "When school life is permeated with beauty for its own sake, created and maintained by the student body, it becomes a life of harmony, proportion, sincerity, and happiness. Pupil's song and piano recitals are then occasions where attention is concentrated, not on pupils who are singing and playing, but where it should be, on the beauty of the music. In sports, the best team is honestly cheered for victory with absence of jealousy however keen the rivalry. When plays are

given the play is thought about and enjoyed as well as the acting which can become freer and more filled with imagination when *released from self-consciousness.*" The aim of such education is a thing which every teacher and parent would aspire to see carried out in the life of every boy and girl. Mary Hillard did carry it out to success in a degree for which she has earned the gratitude of girls in every part of the land. It sounds like a grand theory but with directness and simplicity she proved its workability.

How wise she was and what a preacher! How of the spirit of Emerson as *he* felt his way into the meaning of life when she wrote — "This merging of consciousness into the life of the school as a whole must rest upon the constant recurrence of general participation by the student body, or by all the members of a defined section of that body, in some ritual, ceremonial, celebration, entertainment, or social activity that in its own significance has excuse for its place in school life." In these words Mary Hillard shows and explains much in the development of her own life. From the simplicity and individualism at the Congregational parsonage of the mid-nineteenth century and from the ruggedness of the school in a new New England village to the balance of the services in the Episcopal Church and to the orderliness of life at Westover School was a long, hard stretch in the education of Mary Hillard. No wonder that eagerness for discovery which always looked out from her eyes! Along with the United States of America she was on a voyage of exploration — to find out how to live amidst the resources of the American continent. The hills of New England were filled with good things but America was filled with riches and with adventure. Hence the need of control, of co-operation, of unity of purpose, of democracy, of a plan for neighbor to join hands with neighbor from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Mary Hillard must have been aware of what had happened to herself as she wrote of how great was the necessity of life within a school to be built along these same lines of control and co-operation.

In the lecture or essay from which the quotations in these pages have been taken, the way in which school spirit and religion seem almost to become one is an illustration of what Mary Hillard accomplished in her school. "Such occasions give opportunity both for expression of youth's deep, silent emotions of reverence and worship and of its flood tides of sparkling, spontaneous enthusiasms, and indeed the fulfillment of each of her

own responsibility for the perfected whole." When she wrote the above she must have been stirred to the depths. She was in agreement with Theodosia Garrison that youth did not know how beautiful it was, that it could never get a look at itself.

YOUTH

What do they know of youth, who still are young?
They but the singers of a golden song
Who may not guess its worth or wonder-flung
Like largesse to the throng.
We only, — young no longer, — old so long
Before its harmonies, stand marvelling —
Oh! we who listen — never they who sing.

Not for itself is beauty, but for us
Who gaze upon it with all reverent eyes;
And youth which sheds its glory luminous,
Gives ever in this wise: —
Itself the joy it may not realise.
Only we know, who linger overlong
Youth that is made of beauty and of song.

Theodosia Garrison

That is why she speaks with restraint when she talks about the deep areas in the make-up of youth, for fear perhaps that she might indulge in sentimentality. So, she writes the wholesome thing which brings her thought about emotion out in to the open as she often brought the same emotion to the surface in action. It was really her understanding of primitive people. She encouraged them to dance, to sing, to express themselves in ritual and ceremonial. She speaks of it as "greatly increased by familiar repetition in their ordering, this awakening associations of other years and other times."

Out of the paragraphs which Mary Hillard wrote it is possible to piece together her own school and the materials out of which it came. "The Spirit of the School thus deepened by observance of customs the worth and significance of which have been duly weighed before their incorporation into school tradition, strikes its roots beyond these to its sources." Although these words were addressed to all those who were interested in schools for girls and were put forth along with addresses by other educators, she quite evidently has in mind the background of her own school — "For its origin it must go back to those thoughts, with 'the mystery

and vitality of birds who come from a far country to fill the mind with crying,' which came to its founder and inspired its creation. It is stamped with the quality of these thoughts and with the character of the individuals who founded and established it. For such things persist. No school of power lacks a beginning in unselfish vision and high ideals."

The delicacy of feeling which marks all of Mary Hillard's friendships shows the influence which she had upon the career of many women in every walk of life. It is true also of her influence upon men but the appreciation of it among women is one of the tributes to her understanding of womanhood that surpasses their interest in all the other phases of her life. This sensitiveness to their friend's touch upon their own life amounts to a sort of mysticism. It is something which they would not try to describe even though they might be a poet, an artist, or a musician. "She had a great deal of the passion of the Mystic and even moments of illumination which often helped her to decisions," writes one of her friends who had known her and had seen her under many and varied circumstances. This same sensitiveness comes out not only from many people but from different angles. A woman of great gifts and power puts it in these words — "No one who had not lived with Miss Hillard for years and intimately, — could know her, — and no one who knew and loved her could bear having made public, the true analysis of her character and the crucial years of her life. She was an extraordinary and incredible person but unless she is understood from every side, no account of her would be true. And what is more, — no one who loved her, would *want* the true account. . . . the things about her, stamped *most* indelibly on my mind, I would never dream of speaking of." Another writes — "She was full of friendliness. I think we who knew and loved her, still love her. Justice won't be done her by those who didn't love and understand her though volumes were written. I *couldn't* discuss her fully with my dearest friends, and I know that her closest friends feel the same hesitancy. It would be a betrayal of confidence, as her life was one of intimate contact with person after person — and these people feel they *mustn't* speak —"

In an exchange of letters between two persons who saw Miss Hillard from two quite different approaches — one writes — "you have 'charm' and 'graciousness' and somewhere else 'winsomeness.' They sound anaemic for a person of such magnetic

power and driving force and passion. There were inner fires always burning in her and dynamic force — you need powerful, magnetic, passionate words if you are to set her forth. She was persuasive as few people ever have been but that came not from any use of charm but from rousing confidence in her powers."

A woman who had known Mary Hillard from schoolgirl days on to the end of her life speaks of her "uncanny understanding of girls which let her see right through them. From the back row in the chapel she would know what a girl in the front row was doing and would send her a message much to the girl's surprise."

Apparently Mary was to a degree aware of this gift which allowed her to impress the life of those with whom she was in touch. She knew the good there was in it as well as the dangers of such a gift, the danger both to herself and to them. When she and one to whom she was devoted for many years interviewed Mrs. Piper, the spiritualist, several times, after John Hillard's death, instead of pursuing the matter, she, as her friend remarked, withdrew because she found it "a little too exciting."

An echo of this capacity to be of service to her friends and which brought about a relationship which every one of them holds preciously to this day and which gives them an understanding of Mary Hillard's very being, comes from a childhood friend who grew up in the village where Mr. Hillard was the minister. "My sister wishes to impress the fact that Mary looked up the tired mothers and cross babies and gave them both the care they needed. She herself, my sister, was very grateful to her."

A Chapter of Glimpses and Incidents

The many sidedness of Mary Hillard's life shows in the incidents, sayings, photographs, poems, which the teachers and girls who were with her at one time or another treasured. Time seems to have been just an idea when any attempt is made to fit all that she did through the years when she was in Waterbury and Middlebury. Nevertheless she found opportunity to knit. A photograph by Gene Gray taken in 1913 shows Mary Hillard at work on a scarf, Lucy Pratt on a piece of knitting, and Helen LaMonte reading to them. The background is the corner in Mary Hillard's sitting-room at Westover where her desk was. It is an excellent picture of all three women but especially of the principal of the school. She seems intent on the work in hand, with one ear to the book, the rest of her deep in thought. Perhaps she was planning what to say to the girls at the Lantern Ceremony where each member of the class to graduate received the light for her lantern from Mary Hillard's. To each girl (and on occasion to a visitor) it was something to remember as the head of the school not only gave her the symbol of the meaning of Westover but also in a sentence gave her something to live up to or to overcome or an aim for the days to come. This ceremony took place at the farm on the edge of Woodbury at dark when the scene took on color and shadows from a bonfire.

Or maybe in this photograph the mind of the disciplinarian is hard at work on the problem of the girl asleep on a mattress in Mary Hillard's bedroom — how to wake that girl up; — not out of sleep — but out of a fog of conflicts and of resentments and childish hatreds. On the other hand, with sensitiveness to family pride — how might she offer a scholarship to the daughter of an old friend, to a girl who not only needed Westover but a girl who could make a contribution of real value to the life of the school.

The calm and peace of that picture of the three women are not by any means all that there is in the photograph. Behind the dignity and the suggestion of a smile on Mary Hillard's face there is power and control.

It might well be that with true femininity she was dreaming of the two dozen pairs of shoes she had just bought — a surfeit of shoes, enough for years of hard wear, but what pretty slippers, what stylish lasts, what color, how well that pair will go with that gown — how shocked the poor little curate was at such extravagance — well, he might be — that bill would have kept the family at Plymouth in food for a year!

One of the reasons why Mary Hillard had such success with girls was the memory of the adventurousness of her own childhood. She turned her school into a series of adventures for them and for herself. Life was one adventure after another and she wanted her teachers, girls, friends, all to share in the excitement.

During the World War her imagination broke loose in many directions — none more filled with her sense of pageantry than a service which she planned and carried out at St. John's Church, Waterbury — a service in which the girls bore aloft the flags of all the allies as they marched through the aisles of the church singing the songs which the war had created. Not only did they sing "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "There's a Long, Long Trail" but also the national hymn of each ally. It was a drama — one not only to stir those who saw and heard it but those who took part in it.

Mary Hillard made her school a singing school — with the help of musicians who knew how to teach. No feature of the education at Westover School made a deeper impression than the singing in which the whole school shared. Here again the maker of Westover showed her sense of the dramatic and of art. She knew how much good it did those who tried to express themselves in some form of beauty. It took time, patience, hard work, but it all paid a rich reward. The girls sang in the quad. They did Morris dances under the apple trees. The school was never without song.

There must have been times — especially at the beginning of a girl's career at school — when she felt as if some force beyond control had taken hold of her. Some of the girls arrived nearly in the condition of "My Little Irish Rose" which was in vogue about the year when Westover opened its doors — "rings on her fingers, bells on her toes — elephants to ride upon." The decora-

tions did not last many hours after the parents had said farewell. Rings, earrings, bracelets, etc., disappeared. Uniforms and simplicity turned them from women of the world into pretty girls within a true democracy. In a day or two these simple youngsters, some for the first time, were at work, at work on the hockey-field, in the "practice house," in class room, and furthermore at work going to bed on time, getting up on time, eating meals on time. It seemed a cruel world for a few days.

Cruel though the world may have seemed to the new girl, there were those in charge of her education who suffered more than she. Mary Hillard wrote — "of this sensitiveness of youth to 'real existence' . . . this need of youth is to find and experience this existence." As a girl she had a sense of dignity. As a woman she had the spirit of youth. The trend of her life was marked by this alliance of dignity and youthfulness no matter where she was, in Plymouth, at St. Margaret's, on the ocean, or at church. Her bearing as she swept into Red Hall, her clothes on a picnic, the solemnity of her face and the wonderment in her eyes, the acuteness with which she managed the school as well as her playfulness at the meeting of the directors, were parts of this mixture, this marriage of the youngster and the woman of the world. That is why she was able to write about "the sensitiveness of youth" and the eagerness with which young people longed to know the truth about the world and themselves.

Her own sensitiveness showed itself in many ways. With a few friends she took passage for Europe at the beginning of the summer recess. When she went aboard ship she found her stateroom filled with boxes of flowers. She was touched by all these expressions of friendship, and too, she was moved by the beauty and fragrance of the roses, armfuls of them, which crowded every corner of the room. In one of those flashes when she saw a thing which needed to be done, quickly, quietly, beautifully — with her companions, she gathered the masses of flowers in her arms and went to the edge of the deck and scattered them on the water as the ship sped along. It was an action filled with poetic imagination. She could not bear to think of so much beauty left to fade and decay — nor of such expressions of love and of friendship allowed to wither and to be neglected. So, in all their freshness and glory of color, with her own hands, she dropped them into the cool, salt water of the ocean where she knew they would last longer than anywhere else. Then — she wrote to tell the friends

who had sent the flowers of the way in which she had been stirred to act. Neither she nor they ever forgot the charm of the incident.

Three anecdotes of —— illustrate the catholicity of Mary Hillard's understanding. On one occasion when —— had returned to school after a vacation, she went directly to the schoolmistress' office and found the door closed which indicated that Mary Hillard was busy. The child opened the door. "——, I'm busy just now." The child came deeper into the room. "My dear, I'm very busy." "Yes, Miss Hillard, but I've brought you a feather from my parrot." Mary Hillard could not resist such a child with so personal a gift, a gift which she kept and treasured for years.

Toward the end of ——'s career she was pursued by several young fellows who recognized her worth. The girl came to consult Mary Hillard about a young naval officer who seemed more persistent than the others and also seemed to have an appeal to ——. She asked Mary Hillard what she should do and was somewhat taken aback by this question. "Have you seen him without his collar?"

—— was, of a winter's day, coasting on a hill near the school when Mary Hillard appeared on the scene. "Oh, Miss Hillard, let's go belly-busters." "What, my dear?" "Let's go belly-busters." "Very well, I'll go first because I'm heavier and you lie on me." And away they went!

Although half a century lies between the stories at Westover and the material in the letter from Miss Emma S. Kelsey, they really are one.

"It is natural and pleasant for one of my age to reminisce. It is especially pleasant to recall the very happy girlhood days when my home was next door to the parsonage during Mr. Hillard's pastorate.

"He was a broad-minded, interesting man, and Mrs. Hillard, a refined motherly woman, and both were interested in the education of their own children and of all the young people of the town.

"The Hillard family were all very dear to me. Helen, one of Mary's sisters, was about my age, and our friendship was a great pleasure to me until her death, though the later part of her life we met infrequently, yet we corresponded.

"Your first question about Mary's attendance at Andover School (Abbott Academy), I can tell you little about as I was away from home at that time. When I left Plymouth to seek my

fortune, Mary was still in the elementary school (In answer to a question by the author how she got there). I do think that Mr. Hillard must have harnessed his little black horse, put Mary and her baggage into the buggy, whistled to the horse, Thomas Aquinas, and taken Mary as far as Hartford, if not all the way to Andover.

"We often laugh over an incident in her career when she wandered into the attic and slipped from a beam, her foot going through the plaster — appearing in her father's study where he was entertaining company. He exclaimed excitedly, 'Mary, Mary, come right down.' Her answer pleased us, 'Yes, sir, I'm coming.'

Mr. Hillard insisted upon a curfew bell for his children. One time when Mary was out for the evening and the clock had struck nine, Mr. Hillard rang the doorbell, stayed long enough to say, 'Tell Mary to come home at once.' When she reached home he told her, 'I shall not let you go to the next party to which you are invited.' There was soon a party to which she did not care to go particularly. So she asked her father for permission to go but was refused. She knew that there was to be a party to which she wanted to go, and she had qualified for that one."

The connection between her childhood and the days when she was known far and near as the head and founder of Westover School shows up clearly in paragraphs from correspondence with Martha Hillard MacLeish —

"My father knew Joe Twichell well, called him 'Joe,' had him as a pupil in the Southington (Conn.) Academy where he also taught my mother. We children knew him slightly.

"Mark Twain we did not know, but heard him lecture now and then — and read him, of course. I once heard him tell the story of the "Golden Arm" to Sunday School children in Joe Twichell's church. When, having worked them up to the highest point of excitement, he ended by leaping off the platform almost into the front seat. We did not know Dwight L. Moody, not because we were too high brow but because he never came our way. My husband knew him well in the 1860s when he was selling shoes in Chicago and working in the YMCA as was Mr. MacLeish.

"Phillips Brooks, I admired from afar but never heard. We were pretty far from Boston — on a minister's small salary. Horace Bushnell is another story. He seems to have been the first man who attempted to break down the terrible, rigid, Puritan training

of little children from which my father had suffered at the hands of his good Brewster mother. When it became known that there was to be a baby to bless the Hillard family, father at once bought his book on the "Christian Nurture" of children, and he and mother studied it diligently. I think it had much to do with our happy home life.

"At Andover Theological Seminary father knew Professor Stowe well, husband of Harriet Beecher, and I think met his wife.

"Of course you have discovered that Mary knew Wm. James well and had a period of seances with Mrs. Piper — through Theodate Pope's influence.

"You haven't mentioned John B. Goff. He was a great lecturer on temperance. I remember being taken to hear him when I was about eight years old and the impression he made on me —."

Few people ever use their heads as did Mary Hillard. Few people ever learn their own limitations and take them into consideration as she did. It must have been early in her life that she found out that there were limits to her strength because those, who grew up with her, remark that though she was of a large frame and was well built she had to rest in order to recover the force which drove her into the activities which seemed to fill her life. Nothing shows the greatness of Mary Hillard more than the way she used her intelligence in regard to her limitations. No wonder that she writes about "the intelligence which sits at the helm of the soul." Had she failed to see and to understand the exhaustion of her powers, she could never have carried through her work to such complete success as she did. With rare wisdom she withdrew from work again and again, not always to rest from her labors but to be in readiness for what she saw lay ahead. It was such use of her intelligence that avoided any so-called nervous breakdown and that brought her through bereavement, financial strain, misunderstanding, the loss of friendships, hatred, and the loneliness of one in command.

There was another side to Mary Hillard's recognition of her limitations which showed not only intelligence but courage as well. She knew that those who worked with her in all her enterprises took into consideration the knowledge of her need of rest and of recuperation. Neither she nor they talked much about it. There was in this courage an element of real humility because

she trusted those who were with her to understand her need of them. Mary Hillard never was blind to the need that she was under to those who ministered to her body or to her soul, to those who shared the dream which possessed her soul, to those who came along with her to train girls for life. Too well did she know that she needed help and that she needed appreciation.

The girls down through the years took in how necessary it was for their principal to withdraw from the strain of school life and to restore her well-being. As far back as 1899 there is a note — "April — Miss Hillard has returned from Bermuda where she spent a vacation with Miss Pope, and we are glad to see her back again." Later, in December 1902, The Magpie has the following article which shows how the head of the school took the girls into her confidence — "It is very hard to think of Miss Hillard's absence in a disinterested way, as we feel our loss so deeply, but we try to remember how much her long vacation is doing for her, and how necessary it is to her welfare, and these facts help us to look at the matter in an unselfish light. We all know that the strain of unbroken work with no breathing space will soon tell upon a person and call for atonement in a long period of inactivity. We call this being rundown, and not a few of us have experienced this sensation. We should the more appreciate Miss Hillard's wisdom in taking her holiday while she can enjoy it and make good use of her time, instead of spending it in a sick-room. She herself set forth the case in such clear terms before leaving that these words are not needed to lighten our view of her departure and there remains only to add that The Magpie hopes and believes that each girl will do her best to preserve the atmosphere that distinguishes this school from others and which is largely due to Miss Hillard's personality. We all join in hoping that we may have her with us before long, and until that day we shall continue to put our anxious heads out of the front windows every time a carriage drives up to the door."

There was constantly down through the years such incidents, trips, vacations, sometimes in the quiet of a little New England village or to London or Paris. It is difficult to determine when the reason for withdrawal from school life was for health or pleasure because in each instance such an excursion became an adventure. These adventures always refreshed her body and mind. Added to her own restoration to health was the way in which she opened up new life to those with whom she traveled

and for those whom she met. On her last trip to England (1930), in London she made the Persian Exhibit her point of attack and then things began to happen. The climax was reached when Mary Hillard and Queen Mary joined forces and did the exhibit together. On that same trip a welfare worker from one of the big manufacturing concerns in England met her and followed her back to America. In these new contacts it was as if she found the fountain of youth. She came back from them, not only with new friendships and new intellectual interests but with a poise which showed that indeed her intelligence was at "the helm of the soul." In her early years at St. Margaret's, for succeeding summers, with a group of young men and women, and with John Hillard she took a camp on Squam Lake, New Hampshire. The staff of servants from St. Margaret's School went too and took care of the party. On these expeditions she showed the same spirit of fun which was so to the fore during her girlhood. There were other summers where with a group she went through parts of England in a gipsy caravan. The spirit and the passion for life which filled her father could not be stilled. Like him she went from one adventure to another, almost from one prank to another, as if each new happening was life's most important affair and all else was forgotten.

Perhaps one of such adventures or combination of adventures was on a vacation in France when she spent some time at Cartier's in Paris for the purpose of securing a pin to bring back home as a gift for a very close friend. So much care and thought did she put into the design of the pin that years later Cartier's was able to produce a plaster cast of it when this friend had lost the original piece of jewelry. Probably it was on the same journey that she lived in a convent in Paris and occupied the cell of the sister who handled the business affairs of the convent and wherein the sister had a photograph of Maude Adams. There was also a time when Mary Hillard undertook to settle in Tours for a period of time in order to learn French but gave it up for a bad job. These trips abroad were no more for pleasure in itself than were her frequent sampling of quiet inns and sanitoria and hospitals an indication of self-centeredness — they all were her way, as an athlete, of keeping in training. She knew, as did those close to her, that she could not give of herself constantly without the danger of exhaustion. This was so clear to her that she often spoke of retirement long before she bought a house in Woodbury where

she planned to live, a plan that never came to fulfilment. There is something akin to a Greek tragedy in this side of Mary Hillard's life. It shows in the expression of her eyes in most of her pictures — a meeting of the elements of life and death but without fear. It all came to a climax on that autumn day in 1932 when she said good-bye to Miss Dillingham and to the other friends at school. She and they knew it was indeed farewell. As always, she used "the intelligence which sits at the helm of the soul."

The girls at Mary Hillard's schools, as was natural, wondered why their principal never married. It was easy for them to see how interested she was in their own love affairs and with what success she brought people together. Sometimes they called her a match-maker. A man who had known her for a long time and who respected her almost reverently exclaimed on occasion "I wonder what love affair there was in her life! There must have been one or two or three because she was so lovely as a young person." Another old friend knew that such was the case and too understood how deep was the struggle to decide between love and duty.

It is possible that because Mary Hillard demanded so much of herself that she dared to demand great things of those who loved her and whom she loved. There were occasions when she did so and wherein she suffered as only a true lover can suffer when the beloved seem to make less than the best choice. There was a majesty and almost a fury in her love. When this passion was spent — she became as tender as a child and with pathos would try to put together again what she felt she had broken. As one said of her "she never knew or understood how she wounded . . ." And later she, with humility, paid him such a compliment as was an admission that she had been wrong.

By way of "The Lantern" it is easy to catch glimpses of the manysidedness of Mary Hillard's life amongst her girls at Westover School. These pages in "The Lantern" are ever so short and the remarks are even shorter. They are etchings in pen and ink of a great woman in the midst of a lot of intelligent and lively girls. Their reactions were not always what might be anticipated but they were none the less real and unafraid. As one of the girls who came back to be on the school staff said — "the best type of girl was not afraid of Miss Hillard." Westover School started in the spring of 1909 but as early as October everything was in full

swing and the girls were making up their diary about hockey, the Yale-Princeton game, The Day of Senior Unfolding of Class Mysteries (a name only such as Mary Hillard could choose), Singing around The Tree, Senior picnic "at delicious old Quassi." When they record "The Germans have commenced" it refers to dances and not to war. How young and human is this line, "Thanksgiving Day away from home."

That first year at Westover School seems to have made the impression on the girls as if the school had been running forever. In all the minute detail of their life, there is no hint that it was a new enterprise — new buildings, new servants, new teachers. "The Lantern" for that first academic year might be the model for its issues in the succeeding thirty years. What that program and the smoothness with which it proceeded must have cost Mary Hillard as an expenditure of her gifts is not to be estimated. From "The Lantern" there is no suggestion but that whatever the drama was deep within Mary Hillard's mind and soul there was only serenity, self-possession, and dignity to be seen in her conduct of the new school. There was Chamber Music, the Yale Prom, Taft School boys, Mr. Surette of Oxford on music, St. Valentine's Day, Naturalist's Day with Professor Morse, Deaconess Goodwin on "The Student Volunteer Movement," Georgiana Goddard King on "Spiritual Types of the Renaissance Poetry" (which got this reaction from the girls, "if long words and complicated phrases stand for anything, Miss King is a wonder"), Professor Phelps on "How to read," Crossway parties, Clerical Horse Up keep Society of Westover School, "Miss Scott sang," Military Drill, there was discussion on uniforms, Sunday cuts, the District Nurse Fund, Miss LaMonte's "Mr. McGregor" leaves a ham-skin under Miss Hillard's desk, London in the time of Samuel Johnson by Caleb T. Winchester, Leo Oranstein (a little Russian lad) played the piano, Villa Whitney White sang old ballads, Mr. and Mrs. Mannes, Booker T. Washington, concert by Mr. Tompkins, Miss Littlehales, Mr. Williams, Kneisel Quartette, Yale Apollo Glee Club: all crowded into that first year.

The years which followed, "The Lantern" shows, were just as full but Mary Hillard varied the program and kept her girls in step with the times. Apparently it was in 1911 that the Christmas play began, as did the Tea-room in the basement of the Methodist Church (later to become the library in memory of Mary

Hillard), the Flonzaley Quartette gave its first concert (it always said this start brought it luck). The year of 1913–14 seems to have been an unusual year and when the principal of the school was prodigal in the riches which she brought into the lives of everyone connected with Westover School. The Year Book made its appearance in this year. The girls in that year began to write freely about the school, its program, and the principal. They wrote as of the family. The term starts as it ought "where Miss Hillard met us at the door." "When Miss Hillard talked to us in the schoolroom . . . you realize more and more why Westover stands for the things you can love." "Bishop Huntington came out to talk on China. Miss Hillard had not seen him since he attended a dance at her house! Perhaps it was partly curiosity that prompted her to ask him out. My dear — he is the Bishop of — Woo-Woo — although he kept it very dark! Isn't it funny to think that Tom, Dick, or Harry whom we meet at a dance may some day be Bishop of Woo-Woo?" "We found our punishment long but most entertaining, Miss Hillard talked about Madame Breshkowsky and Red Oak." "The Dorcas Society were excused from school and the Christmas tree in the gymn was trimmed." "It's good for us, that village club. It makes us appreciate our blessings and try to listen with an interest as intelligent as that of our village friends." "Mr. Max Eastman lectured on slang —. There has been much speculation as to whether Miss Hillard knew what he was going to say. Anyway, she spent an hour in the schoolroom the next morning counter-acting the effect." "Class in practical arithmetic — to illustrate how much we knew about it beforehand — one girl was planning to support a family of six on two hundred dolllars a year." "Miss Hillard has taken to reading Miss Hovey's room marks aloud, with the standing and conduct marks — which is a spur to tidiness." "Oh, and one important thing I forgot to tell you — Louise Thoron is a Senior again — isn't that great!" "Knitting for soldiers has begun." "She was blissfully unconscious of the error she had committed, when she met Miss Hillard." "Miss Hillard had told us in the afternoon to express our appreciation if we felt any. . . . I wonder if, in later years, we will regale our grandchildren with tales of how Mr. Masefield came to Westover and how we ourselves conversed with him personally." "We wonder if the youths weren't a bit flustered when after a general introduction Miss Hillard told all the girls to cut in on, and give them a

good time." "On Good Friday we had short periods as usual, and Miss Hillard read the life of Christ to us in the afternoon." "Dr. Grenfell himself was there. He had just come back from the front." "After recess one Thursday, the first in May, there was a strange void in our midst (at least there ought to have been), for the seniors, suit cases and lunch in hand were on their trolley way to Waterbury; thence to New York to play . . . we had two full days, beginning with the Mary Hillard Society meeting at the Metropolitan that afternoon, and ending with the long looked for morning at Mrs. Havemeyer's. Then the extra thrill on Thursday night of seeing "The Tempest," which was met with high approval . . . In the meantime the left behinds were enjoying the long looked for holiday — the last Miss Pope will ever give — no, don't look shocked, we are not expecting her early demise, but on Saturday she became Mrs. Riddle." "Mr. Delroy, President of the Psychic Club in New York made our eyes pop and delighted our curiosities with tales and explanations of the fake and real psychic stunts." "Mr. Walter De La Mare — Miss Hillard did introduce him to us as Mr. Masefield." "Then on Saturday, Mr. De La Mare came back to us, gave another delightful talk, was completely deluged by autograph seekers; and finally, on Sunday, read to us very informally in Miss Hillard's sitting-room. We felt greatly honored when he read to us some poems not yet published." "J. L. Smith — but the personality of the man, who with all this quiet, unassuming manner, held us spellbound, hanging on every word." "We are all knitting frantically."

The Year Book is not so personal in its report of life at Westover School but does illustrate more fully than any other record how great were the plans which Mary Hillard carried out in the education of her girls and too for education in general. The men and women who came to speak to the school were leaders in their professions. The musicians and musical organizations were then famous and continue to be at the top of the musical world. Plays were given in German, in French, as well as in English. Hockey, basket-ball, tennis, flourished. The Bible classes under Dr. Lewis became very popular. The Glee Club trained by Isaac Beecher Clark was a success in every sense of the word. All of these ways in which the aim of Mary Hillard became more sure can be seen by a perusal of The Year Book. The curriculum took on more and more the modern spirit. It became a broader but higher stand-

ard. There were ways to stimulate an interest in study — such as medals for excellence in Mathematics, History, Classical languages as well as modern languages, and in other subjects. The principal herself gave prizes, one for Excellence in United States History, in memory of her old friend in Waterbury, Frederick John Kingsbury: another prize for Excellence in Etymology in memory of her old teacher, Philena McKeen. Mary Hillard was proud of her old girls and old friends. She invited them to sing and to address the school again and again. There was Betty Scott, Leila Morse, Corinna Smith, Ruth Draper, Horace D. Taft, Catherine Breshkowsky, William Lyon Phelps, John Masefield, Sir Wilfred and Lady Grenfell, — all of whom were built into the life of the school. In the school-year 1927–28 a gathering which interested educators from far and near took place at Westover — (4 December 1927). The program included speakers from girls' and boys' schools, men's and women's colleges. It was a forward looking crowd as the program will indicate — "The Synthetic Child of Research by Dr. A. A. Berle, Progressive Education in Europe by Dr. Eleanor C. Kemp, Progressive Methods in Secondary Schools for Girls by Headmistress Euphrosyne Langley of Edgewood School (Greenwich), Progressive Methods in Secondary Schools for Boys by Provost Francis M. Froelicher (Avon Old Farms), other speakers were Professor R. C. Brooks of Swarthmore College, Professor Alice Holden of Smith College, Professor F. H. Black of Sofia-American Schools, Dr. Sven V. Knudsen of Denmark."

One of the most interesting things which Mary Hillard ever did and which gives an idea of how she wanted her girls to share in the life of their time took place at Westover in September 1929. The League of Nations was in session at Geneva. With rare imagination Mary Hillard had a model meeting of the League of Nations at the school.

Mary Hillard's friends were legion. They were as varied as they were countless. Each one has a memory of her, different from everyone else. Their remarks help to compose a portrait which will never be finished. Here is a side which is in contrast to much which has been written — "In the last years of her life she read Plato and the Greek dramatists in the Gilbert Murray translations more than anything else."

Here is a portrait of Mary Hillard in bold, clear, clean-cut words like an etching, "I was 14 when I first went to St. Mar-

garet's and I am 54 now. Forty years are a good many!! For me she opened up a whole new world. We were close friends even when she 'suspended' me from school for having gone on a sleigh ride with ——! I don't know quite why she was so kind to me and took so much trouble to steer me in the right direction. If I have strayed — it is not her fault. . . . As for her ability to adapt herself to the times she was unliked other school mistresses because of her 'worldliness' — and I mean that in the best way. At least, I have always felt she was much more a woman of the world than most school teachers and therefore had a broader and more sympathetic and understanding outlook."

In another girl's mind — after many years of an interesting life is this reaction, "she had a man's mind — no patience."

Remarks which Mary Hillard herself made are remembered by mothers and daughters —

"Lots of people in New York never heard of Westover School or of Miss Hillard."

"Why not run a school for the daughters of the rich?"

"I won't have faculty meetings, I won't have the girls talked over."

"She thinks this school will give her daughter social standing in Chicago."

"I don't want girls to live in a luxurious atmosphere."

"I don't want Westover to represent one person."

At a dinner which she gave at the Chilton Club in honor of Mr. Kerensky and when Nancy Wadsworth helped her, Mary Hillard said she would seat her own guests — "Nancy, you are just back from Washington."

Besides being a member of The Chilton Club in Boston, she belonged to the Connecticut Society of Colonial Dames, the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, the Headmistress Association, the Colony Club, the Cosmopolitan Club, and the Ladies Imperial of London.

One graduate recalls how great was the desire on the part of some of the girls to adorn Miss Hillard's person. They presented her with ear-rings — and which dangled. They were pleased to see that their beloved principal wore them the following morning at the breakfast table but to their chagrin as well as to their amusement Miss Hillard every moment or two got the notion that the ear-rings were flies and would attempt to brush them off.

The girls never forgot her womanliness and her love of little

children which was constantly to be seen as toys would appear from a drawer in Miss Hillard's desk whenever a youngster appeared.

Those who were closest to Mary Hillard never fail to recall the passion and power which she put into all that she did as well as into every one of her personal contacts. One writes, "she cared more for —— and —— than for any, and yet she and —— disagreed sharply, and hurt each other cruelly, but always kept the same devotion."

Mary Hillard would have been the last person in the world to have tried to explain her own life to anyone. She would have asserted that her life was filled to overflowing with beliefs and allegiances which seemed to come out of her very soul, that other loyalties had been taught her by parents, teachers and friends. She would have thanked God for them all. She would never have offered to say why she did as she did or to make excuses. Even in the few paragraphs which she wrote for publication she leaves windows and doors to her own mind so that further ideas and larger experiences could be seen and enjoyed. And too — she understood the dangers of such openmindedness and how it gave every opportunity for the critics to find material to be cynical and show their teeth. She had learned from Sarah Porter how to handle such unfriendliness — a way which sometimes made fault-finders realize their smallness and at other times made them the more violent. Sarah Porter in her diary of 1846 wrote words which Mary Hillard may not have seen but which she may have heard from her teacher — "The effect of anything approaching to the querulous, in correction and reproof, is subversive of authority; for it at once rouses the reproved to self-defense and justification."

It would have been a help toward the understanding of Mary Hillard had she written letters in which she might have given expression to such reminiscences of her own thought about her life but the very quality of all her relationships in her career made such letters impossible. Even had she put in letters such expressions of herself they could not be printed for other eyes save those to whom she wrote — so utterly personal were all her contacts. What she wrote in a note or in a letter was written from her very self to another very self — no matter how beautiful, how humorous, how businesslike, how sympathetic, was her thought

— and no matter in what dialect she expressed herself. She was an adept in hearing the differences in the use of language and quick to pick it up to use in conversation as well as in correspondence. Because of these facts her letters, though there are many of them, cannot be used, nor would they be understood save by those to whom they were written. Professor Palmer sensed the same thing in his book on Alice Freeman Palmer — "She was unceasingly and minutely personal. The individual human being was in her world the all-important thing; and when she wrote him, every sentence concerned just him and no one else. This made her letters not merely unsuitable to print, but for the general reader unintelligible and for the most part uninteresting."

The same is true of Mary Hillard's conversation. It would have taken a very quick Boswell, one of rare intelligence, to have made records of the depth and the subtlety, the far-seeingness and the personalness of the things that brain and that voice spoke. The Rector of the school once remarked — "her brain seethes with ideas." She seemed to have a sensitiveness to everything she saw and to everybody who came within her sight. This sensitiveness awakened something within her. Her humanness touched every phase of life which came within her sight. She was aware of life and said so, said it in words that showed her capacity for humor, for sorrow, for hope, for criticism, for construction, for cleaning up situations which were in people's way, and above all for bringing light and air into every problem. Perhaps that is the quality which makes a teacher or a leader of youth — the same quality which sets the standard of living for a pastor or a parent. Too few of them can say it as did Mary Hillard.

Of course, Mary Hillard's way to express her reactions to life was to educate girls. Because she got to such success in this effort she met many who did not agree with her. Her achievement was bound to stir opposition. This could not have been otherwise. It bothered her — made her think more deeply on the matter; set her to work harder to do for girls what she was sure they needed.

Some of the criticisms of Mary Hillard's education for girls came from the schools and from the principals of schools who intended to prepare pupils for the continuing of their studies in college. Mary Hillard herself, against the hopes of her father, made the decision not to go to college at the time of her gradua-

tion from Abbott Academy. Then, she believed that her own development lay in some other realms than in college. It was with the same point of view that she set out upon the training of girls for life — that there were girls (and many of them) as well as boys whose best contribution to society was to be made in some other way than by college or university. This attitude in no way allowed her to have anything but admiration for so-called higher education and for the leaders of youth who gave their life to it. There were times when Mary Hillard felt that the way in which some of her fellow school-masters and mistresses looked askance at her program was not quite fair but she persisted through half a century of devotion to her own plan of education. She knew that her critics had not grasped her ideas. Nevertheless, many of her girls were prepared for the examinations for entrance into college — even into those colleges where the standards of scholarship were highest. The success of those girls sets at rest any value in the remarks of those who thought Mary Hillard was not interested in high standards of education and of scholarship. She always admitted that she herself was not a scholar in a strict sense of the word but at the same time asserted her appreciation of scholarliness and especially her feeling of gratitude to the men and women who were scholars. One of her teachers writes — "She never was very keen about any college, not being a college woman herself. One of her great ideas was to have (Westover) a school for girls who were not going to college and yet make it so good that they might still be looked upon as having an education of sorts. There was every year a small class of college girls, of the very super ones, and grand records they made. If she had a special grudge against . . . , it was because their requirements were so unyielding and difficult to meet."

There is no part of modern life wherein there are more experts than in education, nor wherein there are so many people ready with an answer for all the problems in this important business. As in Scotland, in the not too distant past, every man was his own Theologian, so to-day, every man and woman in America is his own expert in the training of the young. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." "By their fruits ye shall know them." The results of the half century in which Mary Hillard trained girls are to be seen across the American continent, in city and in the countryside. "Mr. Dooley's" remark which Horace Taft used to quote often, "It doesn't matter what a boy studies so long as

he hates it," contains the truth that those teachers who demand thoroughness are those who educate boys and girls. The evidence piles up that Mary Hillard was thorough and that her standards were as severe as any other school in the land. She demanded thoroughness along lines which may not have been considered in other schools. Every girl who came in contact with her, every teacher too, as well as every employee, knew that of them was asked a piece of work which came close to perfection. This demand for thoroughness did not make Mary Hillard popular. Sometimes she met the success advocated by "Mr. Dooley" — until later in life her girls saw what she had done for them.

John Gade, in his biography of Cardinal Mercier, writes of the great Belgian's interest in the youth of his land. "Education to him was the process of imparting appreciation of the relative values in life." A look at the courses of study which Mary Hillard, with the help of the corps of teachers which grew up around her, planned and developed is like that of other schools of the time. In these courses of study are to be seen the changes which came across the education of girls from the close of the Civil War up to the beginning of the World War. There was no originality in it. The difference between schools lies in who is the head of the enterprise. Mary Hillard made the schools of which she was head. She was the original contribution to whatever education was carried on under her guidance. The courses of study and the equipment of her schools was as good or better than in many other schools for girls. Mary Hillard created something out of them.

There is every reason to believe that Mary Hillard desired for her girls the kind of a bringing up which she herself had enjoyed under her father and mother, with her brothers and sisters, an education which brought her soul in touch with God, her mind in contact with the great thinkers of the past and present, her body in contact with nature in all her aspects among the hills of Connecticut. Mary Hillard wanted her school to do for girls what nature and circumstances in America had done for their grandmothers. It was for this reason that under her guidance the young people shared in the breaking forth from school within walls and took to the hills and woods and tennis-courts and hockey-fields and to horses and to mountain-climbing and to every possible form of physical exercise. Now that such a movement has been accomplished throughout the land and is taken for granted the world over, it is not easy to understand the way in which the

education of girls and women had been so shut in and cramped. Bicycles and bloomers caused a sensation, now are to be seen only in copies of "Life" in the days of Charles Dana Gibson. To Mary Hillard it was less of a transition than to many teachers because she had, all her childhood, been a leader among the girls of Plymouth on picnics, camping trips, and hikes. As the head of a school within the limits of a manufacturing city, the difficulty lay in the doing of all those wholesome exercises upon which she and her brothers and sisters had thrived. The construction and use of a gymnasium were not enough. Games and drills and exercises within doors, all were signs of the times. The real change in physical education came when America took to the out-of-doors. Mary Hillard emphasized her longing to do for her pupils what her family had done for her by buying a farm close to Plymouth. It was dubbed "The Country Seat." It proved to be more than a farm or a country seat. It really was an open door for teachers and students, an invitation to enjoy the beauty of the trees and rocks and brooks and flowers and birds of New England. Not only with all out-of-doors to take up, the farm also gave them a chance for another side of education to come about with an attraction not to be resisted, the chance to cook and to keep house. Several generations of girls thrived under this scheme and so too did Mary Hillard and her staff. In this, too, there was nothing of originality because it was the trend in all American life. The charm of it in this instance lay in Mary Hillard who led those with her to see what she saw in God's out-of-doors.

The statement that Mary Hillard was the school had elements of truth but which was not all of the truth. She would never have allowed such an assertion to have been made. If Mary Hillard had ever written an account of her life's work one of the bases upon which she would have laid stress would be the women who had worked with her. She would have underscored their devotion to her, to their work, to the girls. She would have praised their intelligence, their capacity for work, their single-mindedness and willingness to fit into the picture.

She would have wanted to say how they had made possible the carrying out of her dreams for the training of girls. Mary Hillard knew people. She saw through them. She recognized the material and the quality which she needed for her work. She was on the alert to find such women. She was sensitive to quality in the

character and in the mind of everyone with whom she came in contact.

"She was full of friendliness," writes one of her life-long friends. This friendliness showed better nowhere than in her relationships with the neighbors in the countryside close to Westover School. Mary Hillard knew their names and their almost hidden homes, bits of houses, large families, away off on what (with the advent of automobiles) had become side roads. When the business of running a school did not send her away to parts of the United States far from Connecticut and far from Middlebury, this friendly person, of a Sunday evening would attend a church service in some little schoolhouse where she made herself one with the congregation of men and women whose names were as of New England as her own or with names from the farthermost part of Europe, a congregation which put the children on the floor to sleep or to fondle the dogs, while it sang the old hymns of Christendom and said its prayers. The simpleness and the realness of this friendliness not only did not intrude upon the worship of her neighbors but seemed to sink into oneness with them. There was nothing in her presence to suggest condescension.

There were other sides to that Sunday evening service besides mere attendance. The difficulty of keeping a clergyman of quality in touch with these people was something of which she had learned much in her childhood when a man stayed with his flock for life or at least to see a generation of it grow up. Mary Hillard knew that one of the most serious effects of short ministries was the way in which it had lost to the Church the families in the countryside which had in former days been the warp and woof of the Church. Also, as the influx of other nationalities swept across Connecticut, no ministry and no church had had the time to weave into the fabric of the old Christian groups these neighbors with new names and new points of view. Part of Mary Hillard's interest was a far-sighted and a long-range plan to establish a ministry of quality which would stay in the community and work through the years to re-establish The Church which would minister to her friends as her father and her father's church had so done in an earlier generation. She herself wrote, "Unless the intelligence at the helm of his soul can perceive spiritual verities, he will stumble in lost pathways."

Although Yale, Harvard, Trinity, and Wesleyan were not very far away from any corner of all New England the number of college men in the small communities of Connecticut was not great. Even in the '70s and '80s the minister and clergyman stood out as the man in the town who had had higher education not only in theology and in literature but in many lines for which colleges were ready to teach. The members of a family in a Congregational parsonage were expected to be well read because the head of the family was a college man and too the graduate of a theological school. That such was the case in the Hillard family in Plymouth goes without saying. This dream was more than a hope of winning the co-operation of foreigners or of newcomers to the interests of the community. It was a method of Americanization with a definite stress on The Church in such a program.

It was always a sight which brought a smile to Mary Hillard's eyes when she saw a family bring to the school chapel a baby to be baptized. In the simplicity and quiet of that little house of prayer the very presence of the child with the father and mother seemed to bring a new blessedness into that ancient sacrament. The home from the countryside, the school, the chapel, together made a unit upon which to build the greater community which stretched from ocean to ocean.

Mary Hillard saw the elements which made up society as a whole. There were no fences in her mind which separated one set of people from another. Especially was this so in her estimate of the apparent difference between those who had money and those who had none. "She never allowed her school to become an 'ivory tower.'"

Like every other good schoolmistress and schoolmaster the principal of Westover knew the contribution which the girls from the right kind of background made to the life of the school. The simplicity, even the poverty of her own childhood was not forgotten. That frugality which went with life in a parsonage had values which she wished every one of her girls to share. For this very reason many a parent sent girls to Westover so that their children would discover that it was not things that were the riches of life. Although a good school intends to give all that it has to give to those who are in it, such a school recognizes the quality that certain students give back to the institution, a quality which can not be bought with money. Sometimes these children come

from homes where there is wealth and often from homes where every penny has to be counted twice. And so again and again Mary Hillard made it possible for the right kind of girl to come to school and on occasion she sought the right kind of girl for the same reason. So real was the democracy within the school that no one knew who these girls were.

Connecticut has from the beginning of things been a state in which schools, academies, colleges and institutions of learning flourished in abundance. It has always been impossible for a boarding school to feel lonesome because in the next town another school would surely be found. To teach the youth of America was for generations a major industry in Connecticut. The nearest neighbor to Westover School was the Taft School in Watertown of which Mr. Horace D. Taft was founder and headmaster. The relationship between these two schools which were only six miles apart was as cordial as a girls' school and a boys' school so close to each other could or ought to be. With brothers and sisters in them there was bound to be an intimacy which was normal and healthy. Brothers and sisters, however, could not ignore other peoples' brothers and sisters, a normal and healthy condition which, however, led to correspondence of various sorts which brought about too many letters, too many telephone messages, too many attempts to see one another. But as both schools believed in a simple life — the apparatus for sending and receiving communications was limited — as too were there limitations on the time in which telephones could be used. Miss Hillard and Mr. Taft were themselves great friends. They understood and sympathized with their large families, so teas, dances, frequent visits, attendance at entertainments, were constantly arranged and encouraged. There was a happy friendliness between the two groups of young people.

The contrast between these two schools was an interesting study in the approach to the education of youth. In the main, the girls and boys came from the same background. One mother as she left Taft School after a visit to three sons remarked — "Now, I'm going to visit Westover to see what sort of girls my sons are going to marry." Life in both schools was simple and filled with work — at least more simple and more filled with work than many of the homes whence the students had come. But there the similarity stopped. It was more than a difference between the feminine and the masculine aspect of things. There was a similar-

ity because both schools produced admirable young people and continue to do so. The real difference lay in the attitudes of Mary Hillard and Horace Taft to scholarship as such. Comparatively few of the students at Westover went to college, whereas almost every boy at Taft did. This aim for the immediate future placed a pressure on the boys which the girls did not feel. Although this attitude toward scholarship and examinations differed in the two schools, the approach and attack upon life and upon the upbuilding of character was as thorough and as severe in the one school as the other. Simple life and hard work made an atmosphere in both schools which made them more like each other than did their methods make them different.

(Westover under Miss Dillingham is now a College Preparatory School, as it should rightly be, under present conditions of times. She is a Scholar, has not the spiritual qualities of Miss Hillard but the Spirit of the school is carried on by the girls themselves.)

Epilogue

A PREFACE seems to say what a book wants to be. It may say too much. An epilogue on the other hand is in a position to suggest what the author hopes that the reader may have found in the words which he has written. An interpretation of Mary Robbins Hillard can only be made by her acquaintances, one by one. Such an understanding of her may be found by those who have read what the newspapers said at the time of her death, by those who have known her students, have seen her school, or by those with whom she worked, by those to whom she gave her confidence, those with whom she lived intimately, those for whom she opened doors and windows to life, but in no instance can a solitary person tell all that she was. What is more, all of them together can not tell the whole story simply because so many facets were there to her character, each facet throwing light upon another phase of this personality. So, with no thought of apology, these pages have been written, in the hope that the glimpses herein recorded may awaken others to do the same so that of a day a biography may appear which will contain as much of Mary Robbins Hillard as a biography can contain.

The friends, lovers, students, with whom Miss Hillard lived will recall that often she talked to them about love. It was such a quality as is laid bare in The Bible and in Plato. The element of life about which she so frequently spoke was not sentimentality or mawkishness. In it was something more than a dream set to music or words put into rhythm. It was a passion that demanded planning, dreaming, labor, pain, waiting, courage, and patience with understanding why everybody did not see what she saw.

It began in her very childhood. As a child she lavished her interest upon every new baby in the parsonage and too, upon the babies in the neighborhood, an outgiving to individuals which continued through her life and theirs. The way in which she took care of the boy which came into the family when she was in her early young womanhood is a romance in itself which in many a family might have turned into a tragedy had not she believed in

the continuity of life. It was a complete poem which unfolded line after line for thirty years from birth to death and beyond the grave. Out of it came to her an understanding of human nature and of herself which made her of so high value to that family of daughters that flocked around her through the years. This affection went beyond the family. Men and women in many a home and business became aware of her influence as she gave of herself to them.

Because of the passion which Miss Hillard spent on her friends and upon every human enterprise which took hold of her, she was often misunderstood. She saw farther than they. She helped the homesick girl look into the future and almost made the child catch a glimpse of life around the corner of the road. Miss Hillard did the same for men who were on the verge of failure, for the teacher who had lost her courage, for boys and girls who were disappointed in each other. She used this insight and foresight when death stalked into a family circle and when mothers with too many children could not carry the burden of life.

This love or passion which surged through her nature was not a desire to possess an individual or to possess a school. To be sure there were times when her masterfulness may have seemed a possessiveness to the eyes that refused to see what she saw for a boy or a girl, for men and women or for an institution. It was not to superimpose her own will upon another that made her love seem a fury. Rather it was a fire deep within her intelligence and will, as a volcano deep within a mountain, that burned and broke out and raged in order to compel the recognition of the vision which consumed her soul. It will be a long time, perhaps, before Miss Hillard will be recognized in this capacity. Fire burns. The result often hurts. Pain can help people to grow. Many men and women prefer to be left in complacency.

The author well understands the meagerness of this book but he would collect and save for future interpretation such facts as he has been able to cull. Too soon do people pass on and too soon does the background of a man or a woman fade into obscurity. The author has had the good fortune to know neighbors, friends, family, lovers, students, companions in work, as well as the environment of Miss Hillard's whole life. He has tried to make a record of some of it all. The one thing above all else that would pass on is the belief that in this woman there broke forth a spirit of love such as reconstructs and rebuilds the world.

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